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LORD GODDARD by VICKY

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The Dawn of the Atomic Year

WHATEVER the next twelve months hold in store, 1954 may be remembered as the year when the peaceful development of atomic energy was seriously put in hand. President Eisenhower's proposal for a world atomic pool may have been conceived in the first place as a political move. It has been clothed in an importance far transcending its origin by the manner of its reception. And that reception, whether by Malenkov or by Churchill or even by such an atomic expert as Mr. David Lilienthal, has not been determined only by the exigencies of short-term tactics.

Sir Winston, for instance, hailed it as "one of the most remarkable events since the end of the war," not, we believe, solely because it evoked a *Da* instead of a *Niet* from Moscow, but because it placed on the agenda of history a matter which is more vital to Britain's survival than a bomb. And more urgent too. By 1960, the British Electricity Authority will need at least 13 million more tons of coal a year to meet the minimum predicted needs of British consumers. It is with this problem in mind that a start has already been made, in Cumberland, on a natural uranium reactor, capable of producing enough electricity to supply the equivalent of a town of 50,000 inhabitants. Even now, a second site is being sought in Scotland for a "breeder" pile which, with a similar output of electricity, will, at the same time, produce as much, if not more, fuel than it consumes. Here is a project within sight of realisation which can make a commonplace of atomic electricity. For a nation which must greatly increase its electrification if it is to meet the competition of its hydro-electrified neighbours, the development of a source of supply which will lessen the drain on our ever more hardly won yield of coal cannot be over-prized.

Nor is the problem peculiar to Britain. Still less to the U.S., where powerful interests behind coal, oil, natural gas, and hydro-electricity have tended to discourage a possible competitor. The primary producers of atomic materials are beginning to show signs that they will not accept the role of permanent suppliers to the industrial giants, who now possess atomic know-how. They are going into the business of manufacture themselves. And why not? Atomic energy can be the short cut to their development. India, for example, is the richest known source of thorium; it is also a power-deficient country; and atomic power, transformed into electricity, could give it the industrial potential it needs. Moreover, by comparison with other types of power, atomic energy is foot-loose. An atomic pile could be erected, if need be, in the middle of the Sahara or the Amazon jungle. It would not need to depend on railway tracks to haul the coal or pipelines to supply the oil.

It is this vastly rewarding field of work and development which has been recognised by the President's speech as a practical challenge. Indeed, one of the most hopeful signs of all is Mr. Eisenhower's underlying assumption that the industrial potential of the atom may be an even more powerful political argument than the size of the bomb-stack. Is this recognition merely rhetorical, or can the sweeter fruits of nuclear physics now be enjoyed by a world recoiling from the poison of the bomb? Mr. Lilienthal, who as first chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission speaks with so much authority, has expressed confidence that the proposed pool could be established "on a modest scale" within months. Reinforcing Lilienthal, Dr. Edward Condon, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has said that the atomic materials stored in the pool could be so treated as to make them unsuitable for bomb production, while they retained their usefulness for peaceful purposes.

It is the conviction of these two experts, above all, which gives weight to the President's words and, indeed, to their reception by world opinion. Lilienthal and Condon say that the job can be done. Sooner or later it will be done; and 1954 could be the year when a world, hell-bent as it has seemed on ruin, drew breath and seized its last chance.

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The Berlin Conference

With Congress increasingly critical of delays in the creation of E.D.C., and due early in March to consider the coming year's appropriation for foreign aid, it is not surprising that Washington's reaction to the Soviet Note accepting the invitation to meet in Berlin (but proposing January 25 instead of January 4 as the date) should have been somewhat petulant. But when the Soviet Government urges the importance of ensuring "proper conditions for participation in this conference of all the Governments," it makes a valid point. Though the long struggle at Versailles was ended (as the eve of Christmas by the election as President of the French Republic of a respectable, if colourless, Conservative Senator in the person of M. Coty, the first duty of the President-elect, when he assumes office on January 17, will be to receive the resignation of the Laniel Government and to call for the formation of a new Cabinet. It was reasonable enough for Moscow to argue that it would be absurd to begin a conference with a French delegation which might at any moment be recalled to Paris, and that "proper conditions for participation" implied a French team which would be in office after the conference.

"Orthodox Recession"?

Forecasting the course of the American economy is a tricky game. During the last year, reputable economists have predicted both a continuing boom and an early recession; even now, as the evidence of a "downturn" accumulates, no one would confidently predict how far it will go. At the annual meeting of the American Statistical Association, the "average" opinion was that the U.S. is moving into an "orthodox recession." This phrase strikes a nice balance between the optimists and pessimists; the most that can be deduced from such a compromise formula is that a majority of American economists expect production to decline in the coming year, with consequent reductions in purchasing power. This, of course, is what is happening already. Industrial production as a whole is down by about 5 per cent. from its previous peak, fewer hours are being worked in industry (the average is now below 40 a week), consumer purchases are down, and residential building is being cut back despite the recent relaxations on mortgage credit. In fact, the "orthodox recession" has already started; the economists in Washington, however, seem to expect a further fall of 5 per cent. in economic activity, and an increase of unemployment by about 2 millions. Small though such a "downturn" may be in terms of an economy employing 62 million people, it may be large enough to have effects in Britain at least as serious as those of the 1949 "economic pause."

Mr. Butler's Problems

Neither these forecasts from Washington nor the O.E.E.C. Report have made cheerful reading for Mr. Butler as he travels to Sydney for the Commonwealth Conference. The Report describes the British increase in exports as "modest" and the level of productive investment as unduly low, despite a 3 per cent. fall in the proportion of the national income going to consumption. Part of the blame, in fact, is due to the diversion of resources to rearmament, to the price upsets that followed the Korean War, to the restrictions on trade with the Communist countries, and to the ending of the seller's market. The Report calls for a drive to expand exports outside the sterling area and for heavy investment in production goods in order to improve Britain's competitive position. It is true that Britain needs more investment to secure greater output at lower cost; it is also true, as the Report states, that higher wages without more output will worsen Britain's competitive position. But what is the moral? Are the workers expected to accept lower wages in order to pile up larger profits for investment, and to carry the burden of rearmament at the same time—and at the expense of their living standards? Mr. Butler does not seem to have an acceptable answer to such questions, let alone a plan to shield Britain's economy against an "orthodox recession" across the Atlantic.

The Vietminh Attack

It is too soon yet to assess the military importance of the new Vietminh offensive, or to be sure of the intentions of General Giap, the Vietminh commander. Conceivably his purpose, in striking from the sea right across the waist of Laos to Thakhek on the Mekong River, is to create a diversion calculated to compel the French Command to weaken its garrison in the Red River Delta around Hanoi. More probably, the objective is primarily political—to create confusion in Laos and dismay in France. There is no indication yet whether the two regular Vietminh divisions reported as engaged will move North towards Vientiane, or South towards Savannahket and the important French air base of Seno. What they have already succeeded in doing is to disrupt communications up the Mekong—with the result that Luang Prabang, Vientiane and the other towns in Northern Laos must now rely on air transport for vital supplies of food and fuel oil. M. Dejean, the French Commissioner-General, talks optimistically of the situation being "well in hand"; but the Foreign Minister of Laos has resigned, and, in France, M. Herriot has lent his powerful support to the growing popular demand for negotiations with Ho Chi Minh—a demand backed with renewed vigour by M. Daladier.

Peaceable Teachers

Perhaps because they have had less practice in the art of banning, the Home Office makes an even worse fist of it than Moscow. It is an unhappy sign of the times that, with the exception of the *Manchester Guardian*, the daily press seems to have made no substantial protest against the procedure by which four overseas visitors were prevented from entering the United Kingdom because they intended to attend a Teachers' Peace Conference in Holborn. The pettiness which led to one of these visitors, the 76-year-old Dr. Oestreich, being charged £8 10s. for passing a cold, uncomfortable night under guard at the airport is less important than the ban itself, but it ensured far more publicity to the Conference than it would otherwise have had, and made a valuable propaganda point for the Communists. The issue of principle seems almost forgotten. Have we really reached the stage at which we must behave like frightened little totalitarians who dare not allow teachers from various countries to discuss the underpayment of teachers, the effects of racial prejudice on education in the colonies and the need for an anti-war bias in education? Presumably the Home Office argument is that such Peace Conferences are bogus, since "peace" in this context is merely a pseudonym for Soviet propaganda. In that case why not seek a bargain about visas with the Russians, who have recently been talking in a more liberal manner about permitting visitors behind the Iron Curtain, instead of such bans, which make us look absurd as well as illiberal?

MADRID

Rural Decay

A Correspondent writes: Wheat production in Spain—still basically an agrarian country—is today 50 per cent. less than in 1934-36, while the population has increased by about 4.5m. since the end of the Civil War. In some regions, such as Catalonia, Valencia and Navarre, a relative degree of agricultural prosperity can be found, but the sun-baked flatlands of La Mancha, Extremadura, and Aragon, where the wheat of Spain is grown, are still owned by a small *élite* of pro-Franco landowners, and inefficiently worked by a swarming mass of underfed, underpaid peasants. The Falange has not introduced any legislation for social reform in the countryside, mainly because of the powerful vested interests of the traditionalist landowners on whose support the regime relies. The only laws that have affected the peasant have been price control regulations; and these have been violently disliked and systematically disobeyed. Meanwhile, the large volume of rural emigration is a sign of peasant discontents. The 59,000 emigrants (mainly peasants) who left in 1950 had been at one time or other avowed Francoists. Only those who fought on the "right" side in the Civil War get passports.

In 1931-1936, Spain was practically self-sufficient in wheat. Since the end of the Civil War she has had to import between 250,000 and 370,000 tons of wheat every year. Moreover, with the exception of grapes, the yield of most other crops has declined and still is under the levels of 1935. Lack of fertilisers, bad seasons, "unfair" competition in citrus and dried fruits from Israel, North Africa, and Italy—such are the reasons given by Falangist economists to explain the incredibly low level of production in Spanish agriculture. They are careful not to mention the most important cause—the obsolete agrarian institutions of the country. U.S. aid may now enable Spain to import more fertilisers, but the basic problem of medieval techniques and organisation will remain unsolved. The fallow system is still the rule in Spain, and every year one quarter of the arable land remains idle. Rotations are a rarity, and the extreme overpopulation of the rural areas makes it uneconomical to introduce "labour saving" machinery. The cheapness of labour (it is common to find wages of less than 10 pesetas daily) makes it needless for the landowners to economise in manpower.

Even so, the official figures for unemployment published by the Government last year give a total of 28,300 out-of-work agricultural workers. These figures understate the position: there are many thousands of itinerant seasonal workers

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squeezing a living between harvest and harvest Over 70 per cent. of all persons engaged in agriculture are landless peasants; and, of these, over 50 per cent. are "casual labourers."

TOKIO

Japan's Trade With China

Our Correspondent in Tokio writes: Despite the disapproval of the American authorities and the Japanese Government, there is growing interest here in trade with Communist China. Last summer the Diet unanimously passed a resolution calling for such trade; in the autumn, moreover, it responded to an invitation from Peking and sent an all-party delegation, accompanied by business men, which was led by the conservative Masanosuka Ikeda. This delegation concluded a trade agreement to the value of £30 million each way, whereby Japanese firms will send fertilisers, medical instruments, medicines, bicycles and cars in exchange for Chinese raw materials.

The reason for the interest in China trade is the fear in business circles of an economic crisis. An official estimate is that for the year ending next March Japan will have a deficit of $200 million on American account, although U.S. forces have spent $800 million here. The deficit in all overseas trade will be $1,000 million, the equivalent of Japan's total holdings of foreign exchange. This deficit is due to the low level of exports, now running about 30 per cent. of pre-war. Imports cannot be effectively cut to meet this deficit because they are mostly of food and industrial raw materials, without which these overcrowded islands will starve or face widespread unemployment. While Japan's territory is only little over half its pre-war area, her population has increased by a quarter; she has also lost such vital resources as coal and iron ore from Manchuria and the fishing grounds to the north of Sakhalin.

Naturally enough, both Left and Right are anxious to expand the country's exports. The Left has been pressing for the resumption of trade with China, which was blocked by the Americans after December, 1950. Before the war one-third of Japan's exports were to China—a level that rose during the war to nearly 50 per cent.—while a very large part of Japan's coal and industrial salts and all her soya bean imports came from the Chinese mainland. Until recently Japanese business men have not sought to extend trade with China for fear of American displeasure. Now their attitude is changing. From the talks with the U.S. on Mutual Security the Right has learned that it can expect arms shipments but little else. Consequently it has begun to take up the demand that the embargo be lifted; the Diet resolution and the Peking delegation reflect this trend.

One result of this tactical support from business men and Conservative politicians will be to strengthen the position of the Japanese Left. Some of the Conservatives who went to Peking have been writing articles describing the new vitality and economic strength of China, and their comments are likely to have considerable influence on public opinion. What they have been saying not only contrasts with American propaganda against China; but it also suggests that Japan may have an alternative to rearmament and crisis.

"LATTER DAY SAINT"
Next Week's Character Sketch
with
Caricature by VICKY

Pakistan—America's New Ally

What the Pentagon Wants

Our Washington Correspondent writes: About 1964 Senator Joseph R. McZilch, Democrat, will open a mammoth investigation into the bungling that culminated in India's adherence to the Communist bloc. He will almost certainly rest his case on testimony by survivors of the Eisenhower-Dulles regime. That, he would insist, is when the Republican "pinkos" first prepared to sell the robust anti-Communist, Pandit Nehru, down the Yangtse and Moskva.

"Why," the patriotic Senator demands as he leans into the focus of the TV cameras, "was the then Indian Prime Minister's warning ignored? Didn't Mr. Nehru make it absolutely clear as far back as 1953 that if the Eisenhower Administration concluded the military deal with Pakistan, he would have to undertake an agonising reappraisal of India's foreign policy"?

The vision fades, but the facts are plain. Unless the current trend is unexpectedly reversed, within the next month or two the United States will decide to conclude a mutual defence agreement with Pakistan. It will provide for delivery of American tanks, guns, jet aircraft and electronic equipment to replace Pakistan's antiquated weapons. A U.S. military mission will be sent to Karachi and Pakistani officers will come to the U.S. for instruction. Washington and Karachi have denied that the proposed agreement will make Pakistan bases available to the American air force. But Nehru's point stands: "When military aid comes in, the whole country becomes a base. . . ." American officials who have been talking with Pakistan are emphatic in saying the pending arrangement is to be on the U.S.-Iran and not on the U.S.-Spain pattern. They add privately, though, that omission of bases from the project in 1954 doesn't bar their inclusion a few years from now.

The Pentagon is very likely to have its way. The State Department's frail misgivings have almost evaporated. Things have been moving since President Eisenhower on November 18 assured his news conference, "So far as Pakistan is concerned, the United States must be careful not to do anything that would cause distress in neighbouring India." Today, Washington's attitude is that India will rise above any momentary distress, and that bases are worth it.

It ought to be kept well in mind that the arms-for-Pakistan plan is part of a more ambitious project. What the U.S. military and diplomatic chiefs contemplate is a Pakistan-Iran-Turkey alliance. The Turks as partners in the Atlantic treaty would be presented as sponsors of the scheme. American strategists see this concept as a great defensive and offensive asset. If war came and the Russians were to move into Iran towards the oil regions, their forces would be menaced from both Turkish and Pakistan flanks. Furthermore, a militarily strengthened Pakistan would be expected to hold the Khyber Pass against a Soviet incursion into South Asia. More to the point, as the Pentagon sees it, is that Pakistan would offer an excellent launching ground for atomic raids against Soviet industries east of the Urals and in Central Asia. Politically and militarily the Pakistan-Iran-Turkey alliance would be a possible substitute for the elusive Middle East Defence Organisation, whose prospects are assessed dismally in Washington.

The State Department is aware of severe disadvantages which the U.S.-Pakistan deal would inflict. It would worsen the outlook for a Kashmir solution; India would feel impelled to increase its military spending, though such a diversion of capital would further retard economic advance. Wiser heads have long recognised that the Communist threat in this area is not on the military but on the economic front. It may well follow, then, that the proposed U.S.-Pakistan agreement would defeat the West's aim and weaken the East against Communism. That brings us right back to the tense scene in the Senate committee a decade hence with Joe McZilch exposing the Eisenhower-Dulles plot to toss India to the Reds.

Mr. Nehru's Protest

Our Delhi Correspondent writes: It was a new Nehru who opened the foreign affairs debate in a crowded House on December 23. This was no rambling "thinking-aloud" speech; it had been carefully prepared, and was delivered with the impassioned fervour of the Prime Minister's earlier days. Although he spoke on the situation in Korea and the revival of colonialism and racialism, interest centred round his pronouncement on the proposals for American military aid to Pakistan—a subject on which he claimed with justification to speak for every single member of the House. "It is not a question of an odd base here or there," he said. "It is the whole country which can be utilised for purposes laid down by other peoples and countries." This "reverses the process of liberation of Asia, and brings back the period when foreign armies came to Asia in small numbers and utilised our own people whom they trained for their needs."

Some of the consequences that will follow from Pakistan's open alliance with the West have become apparent. Relations with India, better until six months ago, are on the decline and unless a miracle happens will become worse and worse. All the points of dispute between India and Pakistan—Kashmir, canal waters, evacuee property, etc., on which some progress had been made—will now be aggravated; for this is the beginning of a cold war on this sub-continent. Strained relations between the two countries means the resurgence of Communalism in both, and a danger to the minorities (ten million Hindus in Pakistan, and forty million Muslims in India). In Pakistan the cry of a holy war against India has really never died down. In India anti-Muslim elements have already begun to express themselves. In the House of the People, Mr. V. G. Dashpande (Hindu Mahasabha) moved an amendment demanding the removal of Muslims from the Defence services. Tara Singh, the Akali leader, has called for a united front of Hindus and Sikhs against Pakistan. On Sunday, a long procession of Hindus passed through the city to commemorate the anniversary of the murder of Shraddhanand, a Hindu missionary, at the hands of a Muslim twenty-seven years ago.

The American move will strike at the two pillars of Mr. Nehru's Congress Party's policy. In the first place, it will jeopardise the execution of the Five Year Plan. Large sums of money will now have to be diverted to the Defence Services. "Naturally," said Mr. Nehru, "we have to take steps on our side to strengthen our position." It will also somewhat qualify India's neutrality, not only because arms will have to be bought from other countries but also because by this move the Eisenhower Government has succeeded in creating a deep distrust of everything American. For once even the extreme Right-wing elements, who have always been critical of Mr. Nehru's attitude to the Communists, have advised joining the Russians and the Chinese.

Twenty Days to Danger

On January 22 the powers of the Indian custodian force in Korea to detain prisoners of war appear legally to lapse. The Neutral Commission's terms of reference prescribe the release to civilian status "of any prisoners, who have not exercised their right to be repatriated and for whom no other disposition has been agreed to by the Political Conference within 120 days after the neutral nations' repatriation commission has assumed their custody."

Despite the unsatisfactory course of the "explanations"—the majority of the Commission, including India, seems to place the bigger share of blame for this on the anti-Communists—and despite the total failure of the two sides to convene a Political Conference, it is indisputable that January 22 is the 120th day, and it is clear that, on that day, the Indians will still be holding upwards of 20,000 prisoners. The Indian Command has indicated that it will not use force in this situation unless the Neutral Commission is *unanimously* agreed on recommending it. This is a most unlikely eventuality in the light of the Commission's past disagreements, but it seems impossible to dissent from the Indian reluctance to exceed their mandate. Indeed, short of agreement by the two High Commands to ask the Indians to maintain their custody for a short period longer, we do not see how General Thimayya could, on his existing directive from the General Assembly, continue to hold the prisoners by force; nor do we think that indefinite detention of the prisoners, on whatever authority, is consistent with reasonable humanity.

The world, then, which for five months has tried to forget about Korea, must now realise that a potentially explosive situation exists which could lead to a resumption of the killing, unless the governments concerned use the next 20 days to relieve the tension. The Communists, on the one hand, will probably have to swallow the release in South Korea of 20,000 prisoners, who, according to the rules of war as they had previously been understood, ought to have been repatriated. The merits of the long argument which has raged round this issue have tended to become lost in time and dialectic. But however much the Americans may have been at fault in, first, seeking to change the accepted usage of war for the sake of political advantage and, then, condoning the improper pressure which has clearly been exercised by Syngman Rhee's gangs in the camps, the situation has now been reached where thousands of prisoners must be either kept indefinitely behind wire, or driven home at the point of the bayonet, or simply released to fend for themselves. If the two former alternatives are intolerable, there is no choice but to accept the last, with all its disadvantages.

The Americans, on their side, having succeeded in gaining their political objective, must be held more than half responsible for creating the intensely dangerous situation which now exists, and must accept the responsibility of giving the Communists convincing indication that they intend to maintain the cease-fire. President Eisenhower's speech last week-end announcing the reduction of U.S. forces in Korea may be read as a step in the right direction. But not a long one. Moreover, its psychological effect, if any, has been partly cancelled by Syngman Rhee's characteristically bellicose New Year message. The North Korean High Command, and its Chinese backers, are entitled to firm assurances that Syngman Rhee will be kept under control, if necessary by force, and that the released prisoners will not be drafted to Formosa to reinforce Chiang Kai-shek's army.

Perhaps the best that can be hoped is that the Americans and the Chinese will find means to give one another assurances, if necessary secret, that they will not themselves restart the war, or allow their puppets to do so. If that much could be achieved, the release of the prisoners might prove to be the least damaging end to an episode which reflects little credit on anybody but the patient, public-spirited Indians. What is far more important, there would no longer seem any over-riding reason why the two sides should not then agree on the terms of the now remote Political Conference, which must precede a durable Korean settlement.

The Cost of Social Security

In two articles published recently in *The Times* Lord Beveridge surveyed the present position and the prospects of the cash benefit services which have developed out of the Beveridge Report. Already a Committee presided over by Sir Thomas Phillips has been set up to consider the future provision for old age, in face of the very great prospective increase in the cost of old age pensions: and next year it will become necessary, under the National Insurance Act, to review the entire range of contributions and benefits.

The essential principle of the Beveridge Report, accepted by the Government when it prepared the 1946 Insurance Bill, was that benefits should be adequate to ensure a satisfactory minimum standard of living; but this was never in fact achieved because living costs rose substantially between the drafting of the Bill and its coming into force in 1948. Indeed, in the special case of children's allowances, financed out of direct taxation, it was admitted from the beginning that the allowances were too low, and their short-comings were excused on the ground that supplementary allowances—which have not in fact matured—were to be made available in kind. The whole system started off with a lag behind rising prices, which removed it from the supposed full acceptance of the Beveridge principle; and the anomaly stood confessed when the Assistance Board, which had by statute to follow the subsistence principle, was compelled to fix benefits well above those provided by Insurance.

The consequence was that by last year, though by no means everyone who was legally entitled to "supplementation" subject to a Means Test actually claimed it, one old age pensioner in every five and the same proportion of unemployed workers were drawing supplementary allowances from the Assistance Board, and were thus subjected to the Means Test which the Beveridge Plan had meant to abolish save in quite exceptional cases. The proportion whose sickness benefit was being supplemented was a little less, and the proportion of widows a little higher. In effect, the Means Test had been coming back at a great rate, and would have come back still faster had not a good many who were sick or unemployed only for brief periods preferred not to claim.

In the light of these facts it should be perfectly plain that the entire range of benefits, including both old age pensions and children's allowances, is due for a substantial increase by next year. But the whole question of making the benefits comply with what was promised is tangled up with two others—the very large prospective increase in the number of old people, and the question whether, or how far, the increased cost is to be met by raising contributions. Even without any change in benefits, the present year is the last in which the Insurance Fund can show a surplus: from next year, because of the rapidly rising burden of old age pensions, the deficit will begin to mount—towards an estimated figure of more than £400 million in less than 25 years' time.

There are no doubt some Conservatives who are pleased to see the Means Test coming back into its own; but many people, whatever their politics, recognise that, the more the Test operates, the less inducement is there to save, and the less defensible the whole principle of compulsory insurance becomes. On the Labour side, there is both a strong psychological preference for insurance, or at any rate for some system that makes benefit a statutory right without Means Test, and a general insistence that benefits must be adequate to the maintenance of a satisfactory minimum standard of living.

The question is how the sum required is to be raised—a question complicated by the much larger problem of financing the rising cost of old age pensions. It is true that, in real terms, the insurance contribution is now less than it was when it was fixed, and that there is a case for increasing it to cover part of the cost of higher benefits; but it is quite out of the question to burden it, on the present flat-rate basis, with the big rising charge for old age. If the contributory principle is to be applied to meeting this charge, the insurance contribution will have to be replaced by a graduated social security tax, levied as a sort of supplementary income tax. There is a great deal to be said for this, as against putting the whole cost on general taxation. It would make easier the preservation of benefit as a contractual right, and not an eleemosynary service, which could more easily be made subject to a test of means.

The case for such a tax has been ably argued in the past, both by the trade unions and by a number of economists—see especially the recent Fabian pamphlet, *The Reform of Social Security*, by Brian Abel-Smith (2*s*.). Part of the cost could, of course, continue to be borne out of general taxation (*e.g.* children's allowances); and the employers' contribution could be replaced by a general payroll tax at a flat rate, which need not correspond to the rate of the Security Tax. In effect, there are many possible combinations.

There remains the question whether anything can or should be done to reduce the cost of pensions, which, in the present state of low unemployment, account for about 70 per cent. of the total cost of the "Beveridge" services. This is the question which the Phillips Committee has been set up to consider; and it is already receiving a great deal of varied advice. The most obvious suggestion coming from those who think the cost should be cut is that the pensionable age should be raised from 65 for men and 60 for women to some higher age, so as to take account of the improved health of many elderly people and to encourage continuance at work more effectively than the present system, which allows those who

remain at work to earn small additions to their pensions when they do retire.

A general raising, however, of the pensionable age would be both unjust and very unpopular with a large section of the electorate; and it seems unlikely to be seriously proposed. More plausible is the proposal to leave pensions at their present inadequate level for men between 65 and 70 and for women between 60 and 65, and to raise them to proper subsistence level only at the higher ages. This, however, would leave the younger pensioners still, in effect, subject to the Means Test, unless they continued at work up to the higher pensionable age. It is also tangled up with the disputed question whether pensions should become payable at a definite age, as of right, or only on retirement.

The present system, which limits earnings that can be disregarded for pension purposes to 40*s.* a week, is clearly bad: there is much to be said for some sort of part-pension payable as of right to those who elect to remain at work after the present pensionable age, with no docking on account of earnings. In general, it will hardly be disputed that it is desirable to make it easier for those who are fit to continue work after the minimum pensionable age, but most undesirable to deprive of pensions those who are no longer fit for regular jobs. But the carrying out of this policy involves devising more jobs suitable for elderly people, and inducing employers to be more ready to employ them.

The whole situation is admittedly difficult. The claims of social security are strong; but they are only one group among a number of claims which have to be met out of limited resources and in face of great uncertainties about Great Britain's economic future. The cash benefit services are in the queue, not only with other Social Services, such as Health and Education, but also with such manifest needs as a much higher expenditure on roads and town improvement, and with the absolute necessity of higher investment in order to increase productive efficiency. The basic principles accepted, as the outcome of the Beveridge Report, after the war, have to be honoured; but it would be foolish to deny the desirability of doing whatever can be done to limit the cost without either flouting the principles or weakening the incentives to save and to go on working as long as the capacity to work remains.

This means that it is chimerical, for the present, to look for a fall in costs—or rather for a diminution in the prospective rate of increase, even after benefits have been put back to a proper level. A diminution may come later, as more people accustom themselves to working further into old age, and as better opportunities for doing so are provided. But this must take time; and meanwhile the increasing burden will have to be met. It can best be met by substituting for the flat-rate insurance contribution some sort of graduated Social Security tax; but how much of the cost should be carried in this way, how much by a tax on payrolls, and how much out of general taxation, remains to be argued out. What would be quite intolerable—as the Labour Party has now realised and embodied in a conference decision—would be to leave benefits at their present inadequate levels on the plea that the country can no longer afford to make them adequate in relation to prices. The British electorate voted firmly for whole-Beveridge as against the Tories' half-Beveridge in 1945; and there is no reason to suppose that it has changed its mind, or that the Means Test has become any less unpopular, or less undesirable in its social effects, than it has been in the past.

G. D. H. COLE

African Diary

THE most impressive advocate of African self-government I met during a five week's visit to Nigeria, the Gold Coast, British Togoland and Liberia, is a highly placed British official in the Gold Coast; he was also the most eloquent in his denunciation of the political, economic and racial policy which has led to murder and counter-murder in East Africa. He spoke with authority; he had lived and worked happily with Africans for more than twenty years, welcomed the birth of democratic and nationalist ideas among them, and watched with horror the attempt in South, East and Central Africa to put the clock back. This attitude is not exceptional amongst British West African officials; my friend was merely more outspoken than others. And he was more quick to realise the deplorable and dangerous effects in West Africa of White bombing and flogging in Kenya. It poisons relations which have at last begun to be really good. Compared to any other part of Africa I know, Nigeria and the Gold Coast are genuinely happy countries. There is no colour bar, though there are a few clubs where Europeans try to be exclusive, and we have not seen the end of a snobbery which looks racial, but is now mainly the contempt which the well-to-do habitually display towards the poor. It is much that when you are to meet an official personage, you don't know whether he will be African or British. On my first night in Lagos I attended a party at the Island Club, where Europeans and Africans were dancing and having fun together. Some of the African girls were exceptionally good-looking, and obviously danced better than the British. When I think of the dull, exclusively European gatherings, the eternal tea and tennis and twaddle, the boredom of small sets of people, all of whom are tired to death of each other's affairs, I find myself pitying the past, and rejoicing that in West Africa at least Europeans are beginning to discover what a lot of fun they have sacrificed by this racial nonsense.

* * *

There are, of course, old-fashioned British officials who find the modern tendency extremely distasteful. Some of them are particularly devoted District Officers in Northern Nigeria, who develop, over many years, a highly paternalistic attitude. Here the relations between Europeans and Africans are much what they have been in the Sudan or in the Middle East. The Europeans really know the Hausa language, and talk with great affection about "their" Africans. They will tell you that the Hausa are "gentlemen," in contrast to the upstart Yorubas and Ebos of the West and East. For myself, I doubt the validity of any of these comparisons. There may be, as some anthropologists have argued, basic differences between the African and European mind, but the evidence now suggests that the difference is nothing more than a difference of education. Learned men have said that Africans don't think in abstract terms, but can only think in pictures like children, and so forth. I believe this is all rubbish. If you have been brought up in the "bush," without any of that unconscious training for "civilised" life which Europeans imbibe during the early years of their lives, you don't easily acquire European categories of thought. One of the most brilliant Africans I know—a man of outstanding ability on any standards—told me how at Oxford it took him a term, during which he sat silently grinning in front of his infuriated Oxford tutor, before he began to understand what philosophy was all about. He is now a distinguished sociologist, whose grasp of Plato and Kant is as good as that of his Oxford professor. Nor is there the slightest reason to think that the leading African civil servants are any less intelligent, capable, punctual, responsible, and generally efficient, than any European. The difficulty is that there are still too few of such trained and responsible officials.

* * *

African nationalism is at a disadvantage compared to Asian, for in Asian countries, when the occupying Power departs, the liberated people can fall back upon an ancient tradition and civilisation. In Africa, they have little written tradition; their history is largely obscure; any budding civilisation was distorted or destroyed by two hundred years of slave trade, and the principal artistic factors unifying tribal life are the drum and the dance. Constantly one finds efforts to create a history for Africans. They must want to believe that they, too, had their Wellingtons and Waterloos. The history provided is certainly strange stuff, made up of bits and pieces from Egyptian, Arabian, as well as Negro history. Thus I read in the *Eastern Nigeria Guardian* under the heading of "The Black Man in History":

> The first world war in history was started by Abraha, Negro Emperor and ex-slave, who attacked Mecca, Arabia, in A.D. 569. This war lasted for more than 1,000 years and stretched from France to beyond China.

I am glad to say that there is now beginning a serious study of African history. At the University College of Nigeria in Ibadan, for instance, an African history professor, with a British university degree, is in charge of a new Institute of African History, and he has English as well as African students working with him.

* * *

The Gold Coast is the most important place in Africa today, because it is there that self-government is likely to be first achieved. If it is successful, the root assumptions of South African Fascism will be undermined. The elections may take place any time after May 29, and it is popularly assumed that Nkrumah's C.P.P. will have a majority. In that case, he will undoubtedly ask for immediate self-government. Some confusion arises in people's minds between self-government and Dominion status—the final stage, which can scarcely be immediately achieved, since it involves separate diplomatic representation abroad, the provision by the Gold Coast of its own army, and an immediate settlement of the international problem of Togoland. But self-government in the sense that the relation of a British Governor-General to the Gold Coast Cabinet and Parliament will be that of the Queen to Mr. Churchill and the House of Commons, seems well within Nkrumah's reach. The assumption, of course, is that he wins the election; this is probably justified, though no one knows how the backward Northern Territories will vote, and no one can be quite sure that the C.P.P. will remain united. The Opposition contains men of great ability and undoubted integrity, but it is not well organised as a party. Nkrumah's enemies come from within.

* * *

The most dangerous of these enemies is corruption. This is the one subject of conversation in Accra. The Opposition, of course, makes the most of accusations against the C.P.P., against the Cocoa Purchasing Corporation, and against various colleagues of Nkrumah. I was present on the opening day at the dramatic inquiry when Braimah, a respected Minister and representative of the Northern Territories, admitted taking £2,000 in four lots of £500 notes; quoted an allegation that the Prime Minister was also

bribed; and attributed his own resignation and confession to a desire to expose corruption amongst his colleagues. The charges against the Prime Minister seemed to me to fall flat. For Braimah gave no good reason for mentioning, let alone believing, allegations of corruption against the Prime Minister on the dubious word of the Syrian businessman who admittedly had bribed Braimah. The complexity of all bribery charges in West Africa lies in the ambiguity of the word "dash." A "dash" is usually translated as a "present"; it has been customary to give a dash to any official as a way of acknowledging his services. The habit has been as universal as it is in the Middle East. The problem, of course, is that it overlaps so easily and so frequently into bribery. Braimah, for instance, declared that he accepted his first sum of £500, and spent it with a good conscience because it was not for any services rendered, but just a dash. Later he decided that the money was being given in order to corrupt him. Here is, indeed, a fruitful source of argument, suspicion and innuendo. I met no one who seriously thought that Nkrumah is personally corrupt. The serious criticism is that he has certainly allowed corrupt people to remain in positions of power. His answer to this may well be that, once the country is self-governed, he will be as tough to dubious colleagues as his critics now think he should long have been; but that he fears now to upset that unity needed to convince Britain and the world that the Gold Coast is ready for self-government.

* * *

The weather, I have found, in every country I visit is always, without exception, exceptional. In Nigeria, for instance, I was congratulated on my luck when the hamartan, a cool, dry, and dusty wind from the Sahara, arrived exceptionally early; the sun was less direct than is usual in the hot season, and the evenings were comparatively cool. Lagos, I was warned, would be like a Turkish bath; I comforted myself by recalling that one pays for Turkish baths, and I like them. I didn't, in fact, find Lagos intolerable, and in Ibadan, the capital and university town of Western Nigeria, I woke one morning to a temperature, I should guess, of not more than 60 degrees. In Accra, on the other hand, I was again told that the hamartan was exceptionally early, and everyone agreed that it was exceptionally hot. The Gold Coast, a friend told me, is one of the few places where one knows exactly what the weather would be; after the rainy season was over, one could be absolutely sure of unbroken weather until the next rainy season. Yet one day in mid-December I stepped out of an aircraft onto a runway six inches deep in water, and I was as wet in the one step to the bus as if someone had emptied a bucket of water over my head. Quite exceptional, of course. It was no surprise to me to learn when I got to England that we were having six hours' sunshine a day over Christmas, that some people were picking raspberries in the garden, and that I myself was able to collect a bunch of half-a-dozen kind of flowers still blooming in the garden.

* * *

The English in Nigeria have an old, but, they say, a dying practice, of eating dinner (or at the week-end, lunch) two or three hours after the time of invitation. The aching gap is filled in with whisky. This is an intolerable habit for those whose taste for whisky is limited, and who prefer the genuine conversation which is possible with hunger satisfied to the small talk that is all anyone can manage while waiting, moment by moment, for dinner. I met one official who told me that he so loathes this waste of time that for years he absolutely refused invitations to eat at British official houses. I also came across the sad case of a girl who, on one such occasion, was so worn out with hunger and frustration, that she incontinently burst into tears. I myself had a humiliating experience. At ten o'clock, after two hours of waiting, my first hunger (we need two words for hunger "quick" and hunger "much", just as we distinguish funny "peculiar" from funny "Ha! Ha!") had given way to real voracity, and when the first course, consisting of small pieces of fried fish, arrived, I thoughtlessly put two on to my plate. Immediately I realised with a shudder that there was exactly one piece for each person at table; unable to recall the waiter or to offer any kind of apology, I watched in misery the frozen calm of my host's face as the empty dish reached him. The horror of that moment will never leave me; I can only hope somewhat to purge it by public confession.

CRITIC

OBITUARY NOTICE

There was a sound of revelry last night
  Marking the end of Nineteen-fifty-three,
The public with hysterical delight
  Stayed up to watch the year's last agony.
  The year of Coronation pageantry
Appears in the obituary section . . .
  This tragic loss . . . In loving memory . . .
But tributes of esteem and fond affection
Must be revised with editorial circumspection.

Since in a sea of troubles it departed
  The Old Year's death must seem a blest release.
With catastrophic accidents it started,
  It saw in monstrous crime a vast increase,
  It hardly could preserve industrial peace,
It boasted few, and poor, artistic laurels,
  And in the very moment of decease
  Had blundered into several foreign quarrels—
It also marked an absolute collapse of morals.

The Old Year published every gloomy morning
  News of some setback showing fortune's frown,
Likewise some Transatlantic awful warning,
  And told of prices up and incomes down.
  It had no claim whatever to renown
Except that, twice redeemed from total failure,
  It won the century's mountaineering crown,
And bagged for once the Ashes from Australia—
These exploits only justify the annual Saturnalia.

The present dark, the future more funereal,
  The Old Year shuffles off its load of care,
With premonitions of decline Imperial,
  With ominous forebodings everywhere,
  Succeeded by its miserable heir
Who, shivering, has crept inside the door.
  But while for fresh disasters we prepare,
  From force of habit we repeat once more
"A happy New Year's Day to Nineteen-fifty-four!"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Father Christmas is a Communist. This is, was and will be, the message of Christmas.—*Daily Worker*. (A. W. R. Fox.)

The World Over—It's the Happiest Christmas Ever.—Headline in *News of the World*. (James Ewart.)

The Mayor of Worcester ate a mincepie which had been cooked in a dustbin oven.

With chief officials of the Corporation he saw a demonstration by the Civil Defence welfare section of cooking under such conditions as might be experienced after a bombing raid.—*Birmingham Mail*. (R. J. Roberts.)

In her sitting-room—where a signed photograph of Lord Woolton stands on the piano—Mrs. Welfare said: "I hope to get Tory voters by kindliness and friendship."—Report in *Star*. (F. E. Palmer.)

On the Jury

I HAVE lately been meeting jurors. Not waylaying them at the Court doors or following them out to lunch, but happening to know an unusual number of men and women recently caught in the not-so-random nets of the County Sheriffs. And not for the first time it has seemed to me that most jurors, even after a couple of weeks at assizes or quarter sessions, are still perplexed about many aspects of their job. This is because there is no one to answer their questions, starting from the moment when the jury summons is taken hesitantly from its long blue envelope. Why me? How did they winkle me out?

The answer to this is rather shocking, and I have never seen or heard it publicly given. Most people know that any householder over 21 and under 60, paying rates or an inclusive rent for premises assessed at £20 (£30 in London), is liable for jury service unless he is in an exempted occupation or for certain reasons disqualified. Fewer people know that you can still acquire liability simply by living in a house with more than fifteen windows. But hardly anyone seems to know that the local rating and valuation officer, on whose word the Sheriff writes "J" against certain names on the voting list, doesn't know whether you are under sixty or over ninety, whether you are a barrister, a doctor, a postman, a rural policeman, a pilot licensed by the Trinity House of Deptford Strond, or the keeper of a lunatic asylum. He will know none of these things unless you tell him, which no law requires you to do. Many exempted and disqualified people serve on juries, generally because they are totally unaware of their status, more rarely because they conceal it in their gratification at being called upon to serve.

"How can they even know that I'm sane?" I was asked by one juror, who is.

They cannot possibly know that he is sane: there is no inquiry whatever. Nor can they know whether he is a life-long crook in partnership with half the prisoners in the calendar, or whether he is deaf or blind or both. Blindness would probably be discovered before he got as far as the jury-box, but a deaf man with someone to prod him when his name was called could serve throughout a session. Nor would anyone know, if he kept silent about it, that an alien summoned as a juror was totally unable to understand English. So the selection is completely haphazard? It is not. In the offices of the County Sheriffs, who still do this job because someone must do it and it keeps a picturesque near-sinecure alive, there is a variety of systems, all locally devised and sometimes as complicated as a football pool permutation. One Sheriff will summon for this month's juries (until he has the hundred or so names that the Clerk of Assize demands) all the householders living at odd numbers in Crescents, Avenues, or Gardens. Next month the evens. The month after that, the odds from Roads and Terraces. And so on. Another office, picking out ten or twenty adjacent roads, will take all the A's from the first, all the B's from the second, and work thus through the alphabet until the required number is made up. At another office they just use a pin (and keep on calling the same jurors by accident). The pin only works in well-to-do districts, where the J's are thick on the page. In places like Stepney, Woolwich, and Paddington, you can turn page after page of the register of voters without seeing one.

And how do they select the women? Although it is thirty-five years since the passing of the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act, 1919, women are having this particular disqualification removed

very, very slowly. Many Assize Courts like to keep their women jurors down to about ten per cent. of the total, because there are so many criminal cases that are not nice for women to try. So they tell the Sheriff, and the Sheriff obliges. The jury system is not in the vanguard of sex equality. Some pre-Shavian Sheriffs even summon all their women jurors from one road at a time, so that they shall know and sustain each other in the ordeal to which universal suffrage has indecently exposed them.

But the question that has always shaken me—and I have heard jurors ask it repeatedly—is why they are never told that (in England, but not in Scotland) their decision must be unanimous to take effect. Although it is probable that there is always someone in the jury room who knows, there is usually someone who doesn't; yet it is so much taken for granted that no jury is ever told. It is therefore possible for a verdict to be accepted as unanimous which is in fact the verdict of a narrow majority. The Clerk's perfunctory (and sometimes inaudible) question: "And that is the verdict of you all?" is more than likely to pass unnoticed.

The publicity given to recent cases in which jurors have failed to agree is therefore an important part of our system of education by newspaper. The unanimity rule is a direct consequence of the principle that no one is to be convicted of a crime unless his guilt is proved beyond all reasonable doubt. It is idle to suggest that no such doubt exists when some of the jurors—the judges of fact—are in favour of acquittal. It has sometimes been suggested that after a certain time a majority verdict should be taken—the verdict of eleven jurors after one hour, of nine after three hours, and so on. What is odd about this is that it would weaken trial by jury in exact proportion to the need for strengthening it: unanimity in a simple case, a small majority if the case is more difficult, a still smaller one if it is very difficult. If the unanimity rule were to be relaxed at all, there might be a case for allowing a large majority to *acquit* after a certain time. As it is, the rule ought to be explained to every jury at the opening of every case, and again when the Judge sums up.

What has always seemed to me the most surprising effect of the jury system is its effortless imposition of secrecy. In 1922, one of the jurors in the Armstrong murder case was interviewed by a newspaper after the trial, and described what had happened in the jury room. Referring to this in the Court of Criminal Appeal (although it had no relevance to the matter before that Court), Lord Hewart said that "nothing could be more improper, deplorable, and dangerous."

> It may be that some jurymen are not aware that the inestimable value of their verdict is created only by its unanimity, and does not depend upon the process by which they believe that they arrived at it. It follows that every juryman ought to observe the obligation of secrecy which is comprised in and imposed by the oath of the grand juror.

Now grand juries were abolished when it was at last conceded, in 1934, that they were obsolete, expensive, and virtually useless. And the oath administered to a grand juror had indeed contained the words "The king's counsel, your fellows', and your own you shall preserve and keep secret." But the petty jury, the jury that tries the cases, swears no oath of secrecy. Its members swear only that they will "well and truly try the several issues joined between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and the prisoner at the bar, and a true verdict give according to the evidence." The only oath of silence they ever hear is that of the jury bailiff who, before he conducts them to their retiring room, swears in open court that he will neither allow anyone to speak to them nor speak to them himself.

And yet of all the literary men, the journalists, the sensationalists and the quacks who must have served on juries, it seems that none has ever dared since the Armstrong case to publish his experiences. I know at second-hand some stories of recent jury-room argument that are almost certainly true and are at the same time completely incredible. But I know of no editor who would publish them, though in some cases their publication could only serve the best ultimate interests of the public. Why suppress them? Is it fear of the law about Contempt of Court, Public Mischief, Sedition, Official Secrets? Apart from a Common Law rule that protects any juror subsequently called as a witness in some other case, there is, I think, no law on the subject. There is a hoodoo, supported now by Lord Hewart's *obiter dictum* in the Armstrong case. And this, in turn, sustains what his Lordship called "the confidence which the public rightly has in the general propriety of criminal verdicts."

I think verdicts are more often right than wrong. But having a propensity to distrust all secrecy in the temples of justice, I have sometimes wondered whether verdicts might not be right still more often if every obstinate, biased, stupid, or sleepy juror was aware that his performance might be exposed to public criticism. The thought might at least keep him awake.

C. H. Rolph

Free Burma Day

Six years ago—on January 4, 1948—Sir Hubert Rance, the last British Governor of Burma, sailed out of Rangoon harbour on H.M.S. *Birmingham*. A young military attaché stood at his side, carrying a Union Jack under his arm, folded like a red, white and blue sheet. At 4.20 that morning, to the accompaniment of conches and drums ceremonially dressed with silk flounces, the Union Jack was hauled down from its place outside Parliament Building and the five-star flag (representing the Burmans, the Karens, the Shans, the Kachins and Chins) was put up in its place. But when the Burmese Cabinet and foreign visitors waved farewell to Sir Hubert and Lady Rance, the parting was sad and quiet—the respectful end of an era, not a staged triumph.

Prime Minister Nu and his colleagues were recalling that morning in July, 1947, when Bogyoke Aung San and six other Ministers were assassinated in the Chamber. Sir Hubert Rance, friendly and informal, had immediately asked Thakin Nu to become Prime Minister, and the men who stood on the quay had run the country with his thoughtful and judicious co-operation from then onwards. Now they were entirely responsible for the affairs of the most fought-over country in the world; only a few of their paddy fields were under cultivation; their oilfields were a forest of twisted derricks like a vast surrealist landscape; their silver mines and lead mines were not working; teak forests were silent; the road to Mandalay, as I discovered a few days later, was frequently blocked by dacoits; trains and boats were unpredictable; the Treasury was almost empty; the University buildings were a shell; there was hardly any administrative personnel, since the British had used either their own experts or Indians, who were cheaper, and had failed to build up a Burmese Civil Service.

The Cabinet, chiefly composed of young men who knew the inside of political prisons far more intimately than the world beyond the Irrawaddy or the Chindwin, combined optimism and courage; they had integrity and a clear, if sometimes unrealistic, picture of the kind of country they wanted Burma to become. And although their blueprints—the first Two-Year Plan for instance—possessed a dreamlike quality only possible in the unclouded skies of pre-industrial society, the Socialists who throughout have played the dominant role in independent Burma, set out to build a country on the twin pillars of Marxism and Buddhism. Convinced Socialists, they never feared the criticism that much of their policy resembled that of the Communists; they recognised that the people of Burma, as of all other Asian countries, needed and demanded land and rice, schools and hospitals, self-expression and peace. But they conceived Marxism, not as a dogma, not as "carbon copy of the Russian or the Chinese revolutionary pattern" but as a creative philosophy; they differed as to method rather than theory; they believed that the Burmese revolution should be achieved by Burmese methods and by following Burmese principles. Their constructive approach to applying Marxist principles to Asian conditions emerged clearly at the first meeting of Asian Socialists in January, 1953, and Rangoon is today the centre of Asian Socialism. This year Burma also becomes the centre of the Buddhist world, acting as host to the Third World Fellowship of Buddhists. And in the Gaba-Aye (World Peace) Pagoda, a few miles outside Rangoon, the Sixth Great Buddhist Council will be in session for the next two years, during which period five thousand Buddhist priests and savants will edit, recite and arrange all the teachings of the Buddha.

The World Peace Pagoda, inspired by Prime Minister Nu and built largely by voluntary labour, is a symbol of Burma's victory over many difficulties, foreseen and unforeseen. Two months after power was transferred, the Communists began their insurrection; they were followed by the Peoples' Volunteer Organisation, the disgruntled remains of General Aung San's Resistance army, trained to fight the British if the Labour Government had not made such war unnecessary. In January, 1949, the Karens, in spite of the Government's generous policy towards minorities, also rebelled; in many areas they linked up with the Communists with whom they had nothing in common except the desire to destroy the Government. Burma seemed on the brink of disaster. But the majority of people were loyal, including most of the non-Christian Karens, and most of the Shans, Kachins and Chins. The Government stood firm, and its slogan of "Peace within one year" launched in August, 1949, became "From Peace to Stability" a year later. It was reaffirmed in 1951, though peace had not yet been achieved and stability was still further threatened by the invasion of Kuomintang troops along the Chinese border. Yet so much progress had been made by the time the Finance Minister introduced his Estimates for the year 1951-2 that he could confidently announce his first "Welfare Budget," in contrast to the "police budgets" which preceded it. Besides, the Government's position was now stabilised and the first General Election had reassured them. Elections lasted from June, 1951, to January, 1952, and security conditions were sufficiently improved to allow polling in 350 out of 375 districts. A.F.P.F.L., which led the country to independence, was returned with an overwhelming majority; it is a coalition in which the Socialists have a dominant influence.

The year 1951 saw the beginning of social welfare schemes, delayed by insecurity and lack of finance. Burmese Ministers of all parties were extremely suspicious of foreign aid and genuinely believed that political embarrassment and internal

criticism would neutralise any advantages it might mean for their country. They had therefore discarded this potential short cut to solvency and no loan was accepted until the Karen and Communist rebellions were under control. (The British Government had waived its claims to £35.5 million of the total of £70 million which it first demanded.) The first loan came from the Commonwealth; £6 million allocated in January, 1950, was used to subsidise the planting of the rice crop by which it was secured. Then, with the aid of the U.N. Specialised Agencies, extensive campaigns were organised to combat malaria, tuberculosis, leprosy and venereal disease—the four most prevalent illnesses. This was accompanied by a systematic training of medical and nursing personnel; lecturers visited Burma and many fellowships were provided for study abroad. From America, E.C.A. funds were provided—about 11 million dollars between June, 1950, and June, 1953 (corresponding figures for the same period were 285 million dollars for Formosa and over 101 million dollars for Indo-China). E.C.A. help was important; it meant valuable drugs and medicines, a variety of experts, some of them invaluable, much-needed machinery to drain the Irrawaddy, to put ports into working order and to rebuild river and rail communications, and training facilities in a country where lack of trained personnel is the most serious of all handicaps. Yet in June, 1953, the Government decided to do without American help, partly because its own finances were so much healthier, thanks to the high prices received from sales of rice, and partly as a political gesture. Today, the Colombo Plan provides a training in social services, education, banking and industry.

Missions abroad, scholarships and the training of officials are all important, but they can easily lead to a bureaucracy which is out of touch with the lives of the people. They do not automatically create any dynamic social force. Herein lies the significance of "Pyidawtha"—a word which combines the ideas of self-help and the Welfare State. The idea was launched at a national conference in August, 1952, by the Prime Minister and short-term and long-term targets were outlined in every sector of the country's life. This was not another crop of blue-prints—and they flourish like the bay tree in Rangoon—but an appeal to people to build their own Welfare State with their own hands and brains. "Pyidawtha" captured people's imagination. By the end of a year, one enthusiast wrote, "more reservoirs had been dug, more roads opened and repaired, more bridges built, and more primary schools accommodation provided by Pyidawtha than could be provided by ten years of government activity through blueprints and bureaucracy." Pyidawtha seems to have provided a social incentive, a stimulus which has led to new boarding schools in Rangoon for Karen, Kachin, Chin and Shan scholarship-holders, to democratising local administration and to the dredging of small mountain streams which prevents floods and makes thousands of paddy fields safe for cultivation.

Burma is now, I believe, firmly set along the road to a Welfare State by democratic means, free from the humiliation of purges and the sterility of regimentation. By seeking a democratic rather than a Communist form of Socialism, she is in a position at least to attempt co-operation both with the Communist and the non-Communist world. Her Minister of Agriculture can study land nationalisation in China and the Soviet Union; the Director of Education can survey the educational systems of Mexico and the United States; the Translation Society can select the best of the world's literature for publication in average runs of 25,000 copies as well as studies of Burmese history and literature, and the Minister for Commerce and Industries can set up joint concerns with British firms to develop mines and oil, and can also make a Trade Agreement with Yugoslavia. Burma is following an independent policy, seems to know where she is going, and is able by her own combination of Buddhism and Marxism to avoid being involved in the Cold War.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

Teribus and the Twin Sets

HAWICK in late December, when St. Mary's clock has not yet chappit seven, is dead dark. Though the eighteenth-century burgesses are recorded as astir and bustling at five, contemporary beds hold Border folk longer; and as I made my way from the station to the hospitable hotel built round the remains of Drumlanrig's tower, the only lights, few and far between, were in bakers' shops. It was an hour and more later when footfalls, outwith the Tower, began to sound on the pavements: whistling *Teribus*,* as if to defy the gash twilight, a group clomped past on their way to the mills across the Teviot; the first bairns followed, off to school; Hawick's day had begun.

It is a resourceful, industrious and remarkably productive day for a little town with a population of barely 17,000; and the story of the industry which has made the name of Hawick known the world over goes back a long way. In 1771—when Hawick's population was under 3,000, and the Town Herd, each morning in the High Street, collected ambling kye and led them to the Common—Baillie John Hardie bought four knitting frames of the pattern invented in 1589 by the Rev. William Lee of Calverton, and finally patented, 170 years later, by Arkwright's partner, Strutt of Belper. With these, he was soon producing annually 2,400 pairs of hose—scratchy stuff knitted from linen and local worsted yarn; and when he retired from the business owing to some (historically unrecorded) "family distress," he was succeeded by energetic Mr. Nixon, who employed 13 men and 42 women as frame knitters. Wool would be "given out" for knitting; some customers would supply their own yarn; and often the machines would be rented by out-workers. Gradually the small factory superseded the cottage; and by 1816, Hawick had 510 frames, turning out 320,000 pairs of hose a year. But the trade had its vicissitudes: in the depression of the Fifties, Hawick workers would be given "tramping money" (usually 12s) to enable them to migrate to Nottingham or Leicester; and even in the Seventies, the common rate of wages—for bitter long hours—was only 18s a week.

By this time the nature of the trade was changing. The Crimea had popularised the Cardigan; 1858 had seen the installation of the first power frame at Hawick; underwear supplemented hose; and with the advent, in 1864, of "Cotton's Patent" frames, the industry was shaping for its modern development. But though the early years of the 20th century found Hawick turning from "hosiery" to the making of more and more boys' jerseys and sweaters, a revolution in fashion had to occur before the "Queen o' a' the Borders" would win fame as the centre of what is now known as "knitwear," in the sense of voguish outer apparel.

It was a revolution begun by the First World War, and completed by the Second. It ended, for the middle-class woman, the necessity of that socially differentiating "luxurious consumption" which impelled the City clerk to wear a top hat and white cuffs lest he be mistaken for a "working man." First, the lady-like white blouse—domestic liability in an age of few servants, and costly laundries—gave way to the coloured jumper; then, with more active lives to lead, and with *couture* prices for tailor-mades spiralling out of reach, women realised the economy and convenience of the "separate" and the twin-set. The garb of the country gentlewomen became the uniform of the barrister's wife, the actress and the typist—a great and beneficial *Gleichschaltung* of fashion, in which Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady achieved sisterhood to the outer rind, and Hawick was carried "into the money."

Before 1948 the statistics of knitwear output are difficult to get; but in that year Britain produced over 12 million sweaters and cardigans for women's wear; and, since then, production has trebled. This output, of course, includes cheap-price garments, not "fashioned" on the knitting frame, but made up from lengths of fabric cut and seamed. The Hawick firms (there are 25 in all, including the "sma' men," employing about 3,500 workers) specialise in top-grade "fully fashioned" knitwear. Recently their aggregate output has exceeded £5m. a year, of which over 60 per cent. is exported. That is, each pair of hands accounts annually for production worth £1,400, and earns on the average the equivalent of about £870 in foreign currency.

As I ambled round the factory where Braemar knitwear—*primus inter pares*, Hawick agrees—is fashioned, I wondered what Baillie Hardie, with his scratchy hose, would have made of it all. He would have envied the raw material—yarns from the undercoat of the "cashmere" Himalayan goat or lamb's fleece, dyed in the wool and then given back, before carding, a measure of the grease which scouring had removed. He would have recognised, I suppose, the hand frames on which some fabric is still knitted, though he would have been puzzled by Matthew Townsend's latch needles in them, and still more by the linking machines which join so neatly the selvedge stitches. He would have been mystified by the power rib frames whose product is "filled" on bars, ready for the plain frames—a job needing patience and skilled fingers. Power plain frames—Cotton's and the even faster Monk

* The Common-Riding song, chanted (they say) by Hawick men at Flodden, and most likely—though some hold it to be a phonetic rendering of a Gaelic slogan—the local heritage of North Anglian heathendom: "Tyr haeb us, ye Tyr ye Odin," battle anthem of the fighting scald.

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machines—which "knit the shape" into the fabric would have been, I fancy, as far beyond the good Baillie's comprehension as they were beyond mine. He would have been more at home in the "milling" room, where Tom Scott (43 years with the firm) oversees a process which still holds the "mystery" of a craft. In venerable wooden "mills" the assembled cashmere garment is scoured and washed in soap and warm water until its "feel" is just right. Too little "milling," and the softness ("Saft like a nun's belly, it should be") is lacking; too much, and the material "felts." As the milling time depends not only on the wool's gauge and quality but even on the dye, Baillie Hardie would surely have greeted a master-craftsman in Tom Scott.

After that, the Braemar secret lies in scrupulous attention to detail in finishing. Where cashmere is concerned, the raw material, before ever it is worked up, costs over 100s. per lb.; who will grudge the cost of the vital extra "ha-porth o' tar"? So, hand-burnished buttons, sewn on by hand with a proper tailor's shank; perfect buttonholing; meticulous inspection to eliminate the tiniest flaw and reinforce the least weakness; and then the final hot-pressing—all this in long and (necessarily) spotless work-rooms in which Hawick lassies' pin-up tastes have veered this year unmistakably from Gary Cooper to the Duke of Edinburgh.

Will Hawick's knitwear boom last, or will the world market in the end be surfeited with the jumpers and twin-sets which Braemar and its brethren in the Borders are turning out? Here one must solve an equation in which fashion, design and competition are complicated variables. The present Hollywood vogue for elaborate "evening party" sweaters—embroidered with gold, encrusted with sequins, trimmed in mink—may be a passing whim; but in originality of colour and design Hawick has to meet challengers—in Austria, Switzerland and Italy. Even in England I have lately seen a trim little factory, tucked away behind Godalming's High Street, where Jaeger's designers (with an *émigré* son of Hawick in charge of production) are enterprising and resourceful—though not, of course, on Hawick's scale, nor knitting "in the grease" as Border tradition demands. Then, in London, Dorville knitwear—imaginative, amusing and fantastically *chic*—is something with which the Scots industry must reckon.

Hawick, however, does not (and probably need not) fash itself unduly over all this. One firm I visited had increased its sales in 1953 by over 40 per cent., and order books generally are bulging. Indeed, the only limitation to soaring output is shortage of labour; and Braemar, to overcome this, has had to set up branch mills—in an ex-manse at Newcastleton, in a row of cottages at Denholm, and (farther afield) in a former jute factory at Arbroath, where fisher girls are being taught to supple their fingers in Hawick ways. So Hawick is content to rely mainly—though with conservative variations—on the "classic" styles which it knows it does best, and to cock a snook indulgently at the "tarted up" affairs with which some Sassenach tastes are tickled. Quality of honest Scots workmanship—the impeccable quality that shielded Hillary and Tensing on the summit of Everest—that, in Braemar's eyes, is the main thing. And "Teribus ye Teri Odin": Hawick was aye an independent-minded town. Did I not discover there, to my delight, that the worthy Chairman of one great knitwear firm had spent many hours of his unregenerate youth, as a disciple of Keir Hardie, spouting Red revolution from a soap-box on Glasgow Green? A grand man; may Thor and Odin uphold him in their arms!

AYLMER VALLANCE

'FIRST APPEARANCE of Mr. Samuel Weller', says the title of this illustration in *Pickwick Papers*. And such is the artistry of 'Phiz' that we know Sam would be the kind of man Mr. Pickwick found him to be—cheerful, cheeky, a willing servant and a true friend.

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Professor Gross and the Devil

IT is now ten years since I handed a box of lead pellets to a Professor of Moral Philosophy and watched him shoot a student of Theology in the pants. I used to wonder what the great persons who carried their academic heads up and down the corridors of a provincial University would have said had they known the details of this event. The only safe bet is that all the heads, gathered together and placed end to end, would have reached but one conclusion—that the friendship between an elderly Professor of Moral Philosophy and a Chemistry undergraduate of twenty was odd. For odd it looked, and odd it was, unless the observer could perceive its mutual basis. For Professor Gross and I shared a common secret: each recognised the other to be a hypocrite.

I was a genuine enthusiast for causes, but Professor Gross alone perceived that *what* my tongue discoursed so passionately mattered less to me than the effect of my eloquence upon others. I, in turn, divined that Professor Gross had spent the last ten years of his life repenting of the temptations he had rejected.

An odd infusion of accident and perception gave the final aroma to our friendship. The accident was provided by his landlady, who decided to entrust Professor Gross with the safe keeping of an air-gun which her small son had been in the habit of firing at stray cats. Professor Gross was suitably revolted; insensitivity towards animals always revolted him. "You keep it, sir," his landlady entreated, "it'll be safe with you."

Professor Gross hid the air-rifle in a wall cupboard and appeared to forget its existence. I, however, noticed that each time his students gathered in his room for a late night argument on God and the Devil, a point would be reached when Professor Gross would lose interest and stare at the wall cupboard. I, therefore, took the simple precaution of buying a box of lead pellets.

One night, about a month later, I was ascending the dark stairway to Professor Gross's sitting room when I overhead an argument on Absolutes. The words "Good" and "Evil" clanged like anvils being struck again and again; and judging by the truly impressive uproar, I decided that the company was "agreeing on definitions." While I waited outside the door, an extraordinarily loud voice, quavering with sincerity, dominated the row. Its owner, a student of theology named Daniel Random Jones, was shouting that Professor Gross was in the wrong, "Yes, in the wrong, Professor! Because it can be proved . . . yes, *can*, Professor!"

"What can?" yelled Professor Gross.

"That Good is an Absolute."

"No can!" yelled Professor Gross.

I entered the smoky room, and sat on a chest near the door. "Who's this?" shouted Professor Gross, peering at me through a roomful of tobacco smoke. "Ah, its the Alchemist!" He rose to make me a bow, adding, "Now you, sir, with your equations and litmus, can you isolate good and evil? And probe them in your test-tubes?"

"But how absurd!" protested a voice from the floor.

"No, sir." I replied with a chuckle.

"But isn't all this rather irrelevant?" demanded a very pleasant voice, "the point . . ."

"Of course it's irrelevant!" Daniel Random Jones shouted like a town crier. "Who cares one *damn* about alchemists and bunsen burners and . . ."

"Litmus," interjected a serious voice, speaking for the first and last time.

"Well, I do for one," stated Gross urbanely.

"And I don't," continued Daniel Random Jones excitedly, "because I can *prove* that Good exists . . . as an Absolute!"

"How?"

"Where?"

"*Here!*" shouted Daniel Random Jones, leaping to his feet, and thumping his heart in tremendous excitement. "Here friends," he added, in the ringing voice of a preacher delivering his peroration, "this is the only place that matters, friends, the *only* place . . . for what *is* this heart of mine? What is *your* heart? Friends, it is the *centre of the Universe!*" In a room cloudy with embarrassment, Daniel Random Jones gave his heart a final thump, and declared: "I may not be as clever as you, Professor Gross, but I do know that Good exists . . . as an Absolute! I feel it *here!*" Hand on heart, he stared down at Professor Gross.

Hand on heart likewise, Professor Gross leapt to face Daniel Random Jones. He shouted: "And I feel the *Devil* here . . . !" The room seemed to split with laughter. Every student (including Daniel, who had a sense of humour somewhere) rose to his feet. The argument was ended. What Gross said might not appear profound, but coming from a Professor of Moral Philosophy it was certainly neat.

While his own students filed down his dark stairway, Professor Gross opened a wall cupboard. "I've got some pellets," I said.

"Good!" he whispered, "good!"

Below us, voices in the street continued the argument. We heard Daniel Random Jones say: "Never mind thinking . . . it's what you *feel* that matters."

Professor Gross snorted violently. Very carefully, he opened a casement window. Gesturing towards the sky as if it were a large blackboard, he pointed the air-gun towards a sprinkling of stars. "In that patch," he whispered to me, "is the star Aldebaran. What has *it* to do with this fool? Or this fool with it?"

That decided it. Professor Gross aimed the gun at Daniel Random Jones and managed to shoot him in the rear. Daniel leapt to an extraordinary height. To the bewilderment of his fellow-students, he continued to bob up and down yelling incomprehensively. "What is it?" voices demanded, "What on earth is the matter?"

"I've been shot!" screamed Daniel, "*shot . . . !*" His companions roared. "But how absurd!" a very pleasant voice expostulated. "Shot indeed! Don't be so melodramatic, Daniel!"

"Damn it!" yelled Daniel, "I know if I've been shot or not, don't I?" Encircled by observers, he fingered his rear. After a quick glance up and down the street, he unbraced his trousers at the back; then carefully and fearfully he lowered them. "Excuse me, fellows!" he said.

A fascinated circle saw Daniel pluck aside his shirt to expose an area of white skin. With his finger, he probed for the spot "*Here!*" he gasped, while his fellow students gathered around him like conspirators upon a stage.

"O! A masterpiece!" whispered Gross in my ear, pulling his trigger for the second time, and scoring a direct hit.

Daniel straightened himself like lightning, screamed, and shot skywards. "It's the Devil! It's the *Devil himself!*" He hurtled up the street, jumping inside his trousers as if he were competing in a sack race.

"O! A bull's eye!" whispered the Professor, adding pensively: "My easiest conversion!"

As Daniel's astounded colleagues chased after

him, Professor Gross closed the casement window, and carefully replaced the air-gun in the wall cupboard. He informed me that he considered it a good evening. Looking very sleek, with his pointed beard and very red face, he hobbled about the room smiling occasionally to himself. Once he gave me a very low bow. Then, sighing gently, he returned to me a box of unused pellets. "Thank you," he said, "I shall not need them again."

"How if you had missed your aim?"

Professor Gross repeated his low bow. "Unlikely," he replied, "I happen to be an excellent shot. As a small boy, I owned *two* air-guns!" At this, I bowed. Such talent was unexpected.

When I left (after an excellent cold supper) Professor Gross placed a hand upon my shoulder, and whispered in my ear the only advice he ever gave me: "Please remember, sir . . . only an *accurate* shot is moral."

W. Howard Jones

All Black and Scarlet

This was what we had come for, the myth-in-action, the men in scarlet and the men in black, prancing from under the stands on to the field of Welsh praise, now standing at attention for *our* National Anthem, our noise too great to be heard except when the wind swirls suddenly back from the wide, high stands, the sound of a passionate affirmation that at the back of every Welsh mind lives a blind patriotism, uncaged only for rugby internationals, for the only battles Wales has fought alone for centuries.

The "excursion" had been full; flagons were bandied about. We all knew what we were talking about. We named the team which had beaten the Newsy-landers in 1905, and were told by the asthmatical old man in the corner, who said he had seen the game, as every old man says he saw the game, how Dr. Morgan had scored the only try. We couldn't name the team which was beaten in 1924, but we could name the winning 1935 team. Hadn't we all heard the B.B.C. broadcast last night? The excerpt from the recording of the game? The pontiffs pontificating; the centre threequarters earnest and nearly word-perfect at their scripts? We recited the great names—Bancroft of the very old days, Nicholls, Gabe, Owen of the golden days, Wooller, Davey, Tanner, Willie Davies, Cliff Jones. They are names of the light and air of rugby; not, oddly, of the vicious in-fighting, the massive heave and crack of bone in the scrummage. A fan, about fourteen years old, produced a print of an old photograph. It was the 1905 Welsh team, solemn men, all looking much older than they must have been at the time. We passed it round the compartment, we discussed prospects. We all thought it a pity in a way that the Newsy-landers had lost to Cardiff, and a shame in a way that they couldn't beat Swansea. We wanted it as it had been in 1905 when only Wales beat New Zealand. We wanted to curl up in the historic precedent. We all thought the Welsh backs would be better than the enemy's. We shook our heads over the forwards. "Oh," said the fourteen-year-old, "Oh, I hope it'll be a memorable game."

Before the game began, the crowd swayed behind me and I fought against the swell. I missed the kick-off. My first clear and honest memory of the 1953 game is of a line-out in the shadow of a grandstand, the only shadow on the sunlit ground. Two years ago I stood in almost the same place and was crushed against a crush-barrier. It was the day Wales lost to South Africa, and an old man standing a yard in front of me had been taken ill, overwhelmed by the heat and the stench, and had been lifted up by the crowd and passed, overhead, to the touch-line, hand to hand, being sick all the way.

The hallucination, no matter how hard you fight it, is total; if we didn't want it to be, we wouldn't be here. These men are heroes. That tall, athletic young man is a student; that short, black-haired, wild-eyed, vital man is a salesman, his partner a company director; the burly, incredibly energetic man is a boiler-maker; the well-built, surprised-looking man now placing the ball on the ground near a white line is a school-teacher; that slim young man who is going to kick the ball in a moment is a doctor; that tall, older-looking man over there, with a streak of grey in his hair, is a Justice of the Peace. A middle-class bunch? One of the ways of becoming middle-class in Wales is to play for a big rugby club. There are certainly few manual workers in the team but there are many sons of manual workers, the Grammar school boys. There are also sons of the bourgeoisie. (Look on the programme for the men with three initials.) The crowd look, as an Englishman once told me, like a soccer crowd. Not here the tweedy, bescarved, sun-burned hearties, the pretty, healthy girls—they are Stand-people, not Field-people. Here are the blue-suited or brown-suited men, off the peg, who know what it's all about, this game, and didn't learn it at a Public school. A characteristic Welsh ground has steelworks at one end and a ribbed, overhanging mountain the other; the banks are coal-tips and the stands are made of zinc; the spectators are as ready to boo as to cheer. Playing the game doesn't mean exactly the same thing.

Something has gone wrong. The Welsh lead disappears. The Newsy-landers are ahead and we have nothing to shout, a lot to be quiet about, a quiet that can be heard all over Cardiff. New Zealand camp, as they say, on the Welsh line, a brawling, hectic camp, under tents of massive men, with one centry more than any other, the Welsh fly-half, Cliff Morgan, running and kicking and tackling, the smallest man, one of the most intense and talented rugby players ever seen. Griffiths, the young centre-threequarter, leaves the field, injured. The quiet is profound. The players' shouts echo back from the stands and the massed heads that have turned to stone. But New Zealand seem unable to score and gradually we all realise that this refusal by our side to allow a score is, in its way, heroic and memorable. Griffiths comes back on to the field and immediately runs, confidently, elegantly, through the New Zealand defence and rouses us all. Wales score. Ten minutes to play and the scores level. Where I am becomes a jostling, mauling, howling place. I am kicked behind the knee. People are throwing other people's hats in the air. The crowd sways and fights bitterly against the sway. The Welsh team have gone wild, perhaps because we have gone wild. The noise must impel them like a great gale. Cliff Morgan avoids Clarke again. The Newsy-landers are tired. He kicks towards the corner-flag. Elsom of New Zealand catches it but Rowlands tackles him. Oh, Rowlands! Thomas picks up the ball. He's in touch. No. Yes. He's not. Oh, what's he up to, kicking across the field like that. There's no one there. But there is—Ken Jones, Olympic sprinter. He's caught the ball. He's run around the full-back. He's going to score. He scores and we've won. Five minutes to play, and we've won, and Jones has become immortal with a try.

W. John Morgan

JANUARY

THE SINGULARITY OF SNOWMEN

The Snowman, though we know him to be a doomed figure, has nevertheless an odd kind of immortality. He is made in exactly the same way, for exactly the same purpose and with exactly the same material as he was made under Elizabeth I. In the 16th century he would not, of course, have worn an old Air Raid Warden's helmet; and it is doubtful if in those days he had taken up smoking. But in all essentials he is unchanged. Even in the darkest days of austerity he could be erected without a licence; untrammelled by controls, private enterprise went to work with rare and complete spontaneity. Moreover, there has never been any question of the Snowman being made of anything else but snow and this, in an age when so much is synthetic, gives him a certain singularity. Impassive, faintly Churchillian, he broods upon the lawn, a lonely, comfortless figure in the early dusk. We cannot find it in our hearts to wish him a long life, yet, when the thaw comes, we are touched by his undignified declension into a grey, vestigial and amorphous stump of slush. But there is no need to pity his impermanence. He will be there again next year, and the year after, and the year after that. He is really, when you come to think of it, a good deal less impermanent than the rest of us.

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The Arts and Entertainment

OFF WITH THE OLD

A FORTNIGHT ago, in writing about one of the non-profit-making companies, Tennent Productions, Ltd., I was guilty of two misstatements. First I implied that for the new revue at the Lyric (a brilliant effort not to be missed) they claimed exemption from Entertainment Tax. They do not. Secondly, I upbraided them for raising the price of the programme from sixpence to a shilling. I was upbraiding the wrong people. They have no more control over the prices of the programmes than they have over the prices at the theatre bars. Control of these is in the hands of the management of the theatre itself and it is against that management that the complaint lies.

I am all the more pleased to withdraw these two misstatements because the very day after they were published the Beaverbrook press made one of its periodic attacks on the exemption from Entertainment Tax scheme: and I should not like to be associated with philistine outbursts such a theirs. They, for their own reasons, attack the scheme *in toto*, whereas I, in common with almost everyone who cares about the theatre as something more than mere entertainment business, consider the scheme invaluable. We are anxious that it should not in any way be jeopardised and for that reason alone sometimes criticise the choice of plays made by one or other of the non-profit-making companies. But that is not to attack the scheme as such; only to criticise on occasions the judgement of those who run it.

Let me repeat—since it does not seem everywhere to have sunk in—that it is not individual plays which are exempted from Entertainment Tax. Such an arrangement would be wrong, even if it were workable. The exemption is given to non-profit-making companies on the strength of the whole list of plays which they present. Naturally, human taste and judgment being fallible in any list, there will be some plays which outside judges will think ought not to be included. But Tennent Productions have a highly honourable record and over the last four or five years London theatre-goers owe much more to them than to any other single management.

That said, however, I must repeat that in the last year their judgment has seemed to me to be less sound than usual, and their choice altogether less enterprising. But, on the other hand, January to January is an arbitrary division in the theatre and what they have in store for us in the next few months may falsify this judgment. It was Tennent Productions, anyhow, which started off what turned out to be a poor year with the splendid Gielgud season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, providing me with two of the year's more memorable achievements—Miss Pamela Brown as Millamant in *The Way of the World* and the superb revival of *Venice Preserv'd*. The list of the other notable revivals of the year is headed by the Stratford *Antony and Cleopatra* which in its brief six weeks in London proved to be the great theatrical excitement of the year.

At Stratford besides playing Antony, Mr. Michael Redgrave gave us a very fine Lear and a fascinating romantic Shylock. At the Old Vic Mr. Richard Burton's Hamlet will long be remembered, and from the tail end of the previous season I remember with great pleasure Mr. Robert Donat in *Murder in the Cathedral*. The Arts Theatre has been disappointing this year but one production remains vivid in my memory—Mr. Wilfrid Lawson and Miss Beatrix Lehmann in Strindberg's *The Father*. Then Mr. Donald Wolfit contributed a rare pleasure; the *Oedipus Rex* and the *Oedipus Coloneus* done in one evening. Another rarity came from the Birmingham Rep. who under the very able direction of Mr. Douglas Seale played on three successive nights the three parts of *Henry VI*, and showed these neglected plays to be as exciting as any serial. The last revival that remains in my mind is the excellent *Pygmalion* still running at the St. James's.

We are accustomed by now—all too accustomed—to the dearth of new plays. This year has, it is true, brought two plays by extremely distinguished authors, Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Graham Greene and a year in which this happens can only with qualifications be called a bad year. The qualifications are of course about the lack of reasonable good plays between the high level such writers as these aim at and the very low level of the average comedy. *Escapade* by Roger Macdougal is a good example of the kind of play there are all too few of. A lively intelligent comedy, it has, let us hope, demonstrated by its success that there is a large following for liveliness and intelligence in the theatre today (though this view may have suffered a set-back in the odd treatment meted out to Mr. Ustinov's equally lively, intelligent and no less imperfect piece).

And what of the two major plays of the year, *The Living Room* and *The Confidential Clerk*? How considerable a contribution do they seem on reflection likely to prove? Mr. Graham Greene's play has now been published (Heinemann, 7*s.* 6*d.*) and I have had the opportunity of seeing it once again. I must admit to having enjoyed it very much more the second time than I did the first. This was not only a matter of the performances having strengthened and deepened in the course of months, though this had certainly happened. (The dramatic climax, for instance, where the priest fails to find the redeeming words in the young girl's hour of need, was immensely fortified: Mr. Portman's wordless stammering had become a moment of real agony, painfully prolonged.) But my enjoying it the second time whereas I didn't the first was the result of being prepared for certain disappointments. The debate between the psychologist and the priest still seems to me far below the level of the rest and the young girl's suicide to be quite unconvincing. No longer surprised by this I could enjoy more wholeheartedly the credit side. How suggestive and telling is the extraordinarily spare dialogue and how effectively managed for their emotional impact the scenes—even those in which one cannot believe! Mr. Greene is obviously a great acquisition to the theatre.

The Confidential Clerk has not yet been published and I have not been able to see it again. What is rather surprising and interesting about it is that it has gone down rather badly with the highbrows and its continuing appeal seems to be largely middle-brow. Is this another case of the highbrows deserting an author the moment he becomes successful? I do not think so. I think it is rather that Mr. Eliot has not in this play extended his exploration. The highbrows know the ideological ground already and feel it has been covered better elsewhere in Mr. Eliot's work, whereas what he is saying comes fresh to those who do not know his poetry already. And then, dramatically speaking, the play is only an experiment for Mr. Eliot himself. It makes no technical advance on *The Cocktail Party* neither in the dramatic handling of poetry nor certainly in its form. But it may well be all the same an important step in Mr. Eliot's own development.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

"As for Christmas, we had it on the telly." A gross exaggeration, of course. Only the mad or the intolerably lonely organise Christmas round the loudspeaker or the cathode tube; for the rest of us, who can generate our own festivity, one of the virtues of radio and television should be, though it very infrequently is, that it offers us a temporary escape from Christmas. Hence the delight with which one heard, on Christmas Night, Mr. de la Mare reading that wonderful story, *The Riddle*, in the Third, his voice expressing perfectly "the gentle flowing moonlight of the narrative"; hence the pleasure and even the awe, after the cold goose of Boxing Night, felt at listening to a voice from the past, Tennyson him-

self declaiming in thunderous rumble what proved to be snatches of *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *Maud*, and *The Northern Farmer*.

With fine disregard of professional duty, then, I avoided the heartier parties both on vision and on sound. Still, my Christmas week was dominated by the television set, for obviously the inheritance of such an article represents a stage in one's evolution, whether up or down. There it stands on my roof, the aerial, token, in the eyes of the Higher Snobbism, of my intellectual degradation, and as it stands there it poses the problem: how is one to tackle television, the most remarkable sociological phenomenon of our time? What standards of judgment is one to adopt?

One thing is certain: it isn't the Third, or anything like it, one is dealing with. Television is a means of mass-communication, and the operative word here is "mass." There seems no doubt that viewers as a whole belong to what may be called the natural Light Programme audience, the audience catered for by the mass-circulation dailies and illustrated weeklies. So the first question for the critic is whether the audience—and here it's as well to remember that we all, as a matter of fact, read the mass-circulation press, whatever we may read in addition—is getting the best of the kind of thing it is interested in and has a right to expect.

Apply the question to such a programme as *Christmas Journey*, a B.B.C. film of a flight round the world, projected on Christmas afternoon, and the answer, I am afraid, is obvious. Most viewers, I imagine, had done as I had: gone over to vision immediately after the sound broadcast, *The Queen's Journey*. It was a sorry let-down. The annual Empire link-up introducing the Queen's speech is a technical feat which we now take very much for granted, and its content is largely beside criticism; it is the statement of a generally accepted ideal, however much the reality may fall short of it. But it is a large and generous conception, and *Christmas Journey* was a small and spiritually mean one, the filming of a flight round the world which proved what everyone already knows: that if you want to, you can circumnavigate the globe in five and a half days, and that all air-ports are alike. And that, in truth, was all: no reflection at all of any significant life of the countries passed over; no glimpse of anything memorable seen in transit. For the occasion it was momentously silly.

For what one surely is always looking for, both in sound and in vision, and irrespective of whether the programme is, as it were, a translation or adaptation from another form or something unique to the medium itself, is the quality of felt life. One found this both in Mr. Menotti's little opera for television, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, and in Mr. Foa's adaptation of Rossini's *La Cenerentola*. The latter I thought delightful; it was very agreeably staged and sung, and its shortcomings had nothing to do with television; they were those of all operatic libretti in Italian translated into English. *Amahl and the Night Visitors* was something new and composed for the medium. The story was charming and moving, and as a production it had moments of real dignity; the part of Amahl, the little cripple boy healed by the Three Kings, was beautifully played by Master Charles Vignoles. What was lacking was any distinction in the language, that and, it seemed to me, the banality of costumes and set.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Kidnappers," at the Gaumont
"Concert of Stars," at the Continentale
"Aandhiyan," at the Asian Film Society

Fag-ends: a fair little British film about children, a Soviet digest of opera and ballet, a glimpse of Indian melodrama. *The Kidnappers* has merits, its children and landscape is good, and that for many will be enough. The scenery is Scottish, labelled Nova Scotia. Of the children, one (aged eight or so) is already a well-known star, and the other (five) becomes so with his appearance here. These two, under able direction, go about things naturally, i.e., as though the adult gaze were absent, and show the grit, the moral sturdiness, the seriousness of feature and fantasy that one presumes every Scot to cherish. Together they affront the eighties, a new life in the colonies, a hard grandfather, the romance of burn and glen. They are orphans, of course. Then a third star appears on the scene, aged somewhere between one and two, so not only establishing himself, but giving them a perspective and solidity they might otherwise have missed. For it must be admitted the reality of all three is that of the "good studio portrait"; the director, Philip Leacock, together with his camera-man, has a way with children, as he has with landscape; and the aptitude almost makes a good film. It all—so far as the children are concerned—looks and sounds right. But not for one instant do we penetrate to childhood; the sympathetic, distant, well-informed, amused and respectful view is encouraged, and this is a good deal. With a touch more imagination, a better story, grown-ups who weren't merely script-writer's troglodytes, *The Kidnappers* might have been a film to remember with *Les Jeux Interdits*, *Bicycle Thieves* and *Poil de Carotte*. As it is, it pleases and diverts, to be at once forgotten.

Concert of Stars provides the usual unassimilated excerpts from opera and ballet, which go together naturally on the stage, but are poles apart in film. Fascinating in its languors and absurdities is Opera close-up with mouths writhing, an entrance on horse-back, "Softly now!" roared out, soldiers waiting till the end of an aria to seize a singer. Those who agree with Tolstoy's verdict on opera—all opera—will find powerful confirmation here. Once more *Ivan Susanin* plunges us into the snowdrifts and the dumps; and the only possible alleviation—a first-rate sound-track—is absent. However, ballet takes to the screen as naturally as opera resists. There are a few exquisite moments of Ulanova in a waltz from *Les Sylphides*, followed by a whirling Cossack dance hardly less tickling to the eye. Whether for the sake of these to undergo the dull absurdities of the film as a whole must remain a personal decision of the filmgoer.

Aandhiyan was my second experience of an Indian feature film, and I hoped from the advance description to learn from it something of Indian ways. Once again, however, one's discovery is chiefly of film tastes in India. The Scala was filled for the occasion, and the audience, largely Indian, semed to enjoy itself laughing both with and at the film. *Aandhiyan* is the equivalent of old Lyceum melodrama, with poses, rhetorical speech, soliloquies, deathbeds, clownings; and much its best part was the marriage spectacle with dancers and music. The dubbed English didn't help matters. Curiously enough, this unexportable piece was preceded by a documentary of jungle-clearing in Ceylon which, though repetitive, commanded orthodox respect.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Peter Pan," at the Scala

"You *could* call the play *Captain Hook*," said a logical-minded young spectator who had been impressed to the point of covering his face with his hands as the green light played on that dreadful visage. Looking a Restoration rake, rolling his unutterable sentiments with Bligh-like relish, Mr. Donald Wolfit squeezed every ounce of villainy from the part. Miss Pat Kirkwood could not convince so completely in her more difficult assignment as Peter—those dreadful mother bits bewilder the children and embarrass their escorts—but had the whole audience passionately on her side in the fight with Hook. Miss Evelyn Laye was a parent any child would be glad to come back to, Mr. Darling (Richard Vernon) smugly odious whether on two legs or four, and the pirates, lost boys and Redskins (with a special word for Mr. Iain Scott as Slightly and Mr. Russell Thorndike as Smee) kept the play spanking along whenever it got clear from the shadow of Mummy.

J. A. S.

OUT JANUARY 1

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PERSONAL HISTORY

SIR,—From the complacent amusement with which the English press some months back greeted the news from the States that large firms there were running courses in social behaviour for the wives of newly promoted employees, one might have imagined that English firms, officially at least, always behaved as if it were the working skill of an employee they were buying, not his private and personal life. A glance at the information commonly demanded today on what are usually known as "Personal History Forms" might qualify that belief.

There are still, of course, many firms who use these forms for their sensible and original purpose: to get the basic information about an employee's education and career in a way which it is easy to consult. But certain other questions suggest mere curiosity, latent prejudice, or an extremely naive attempt to apply some form of psychological selection without the trouble of imposing aptitude tests.

It is, for example, becoming more and more frequent to ask for an applicant's religion—an irrelevant impertinence apt to be answered by a meaningless "C. of E." I have also seen a Personal History Form sent out by a large manufacturing company which asks still more personal questions, *e.g.*, "Are you divorced?" There is, apparently in this management's eyes, no difference between a man who is divorced for gross cruelty and one who reluctantly divorces a nymphomaniac wife. Both go under the file heading: divorced. The same company asks candidates for jobs how much Life Insurance they hold. Again, one presumes that the management is trying to make some estimate of the applicant's character; precisely what the answer means, without far wider and more detailed information about the applicant's other commitments, responsibilities and expectations, it is hard to see.

What these firms are evidently trying to find is the safe, reliable man; the norm, the orthodox, the person with a stake in the *status quo* (How many children have you? Have you a car?) There is a growing distrust of minority opinion, of the individual, the eccentric. It is possibly not without significance that one form I saw lately appeared from its phrasing to be identical with that used in the States by the parent company.

There is as yet no firm, so far as I know, that imposes an open political test; but there is frequently a question as to the "Clubs, Associations, etc.," to which the employee belongs. I have no doubt that for certain employers this is the heading under which they hope political affiliations will be shown, as they frequently are. The post then goes to someone more trustworthy than "those damned Socialists."

Frequently, of course, people refuse to answer some of the questions. This is done most often, I suspect, by those surest of finding employment elsewhere; and those employers who are anxious to buy not only a man's brains and time but his opinions and private life as well, have to look among the second-rate for their workers. British industry is in no state to refuse employment to a good engineer who happens to be a Confucian, or to a physicist who does not think Life Insurance a good investment.

Cambridge. CATHERINE HEATH

INDIA AND THE COMMONWEALTH

SIR,—English residents in India are sometimes led to wonder whether those who control the destinies of other countries in the Commonwealth, especially of Great Britain, are fully aware of the immense fund of goodwill which is at present manifest in India towards Britain. Largely, I think, the explanation for this is the whole-heartedness and manifest sincerity of the British withdrawal in 1947. Many Indians perceived that the British withdrawal was due primarily to the conviction on the part of the Government and of most thinking British people that it was the right thing to do—together with a widespread British respect for and response to the methods and idealism shown by Gandhi and his colleagues. Moreover, it would be a mistake to suppose that the present warmth of feeling is confined to India. Eye-witnesses have testified, for instance, to the remarkable enthusiasm displayed when Mr. Attlee visited Rangoon early this year. In part, the explanation of the continuing good feeling is probably provided by a reply given recently by the Indian Vice-President to the question of an American Senator visiting Delhi: "Why does India remain in the Commonwealth?" "Because of a community of ideas," replied Dr. Radhakrishnan.

But it cannot be denied that there are aspects of British and of Commonwealth policy that make India unhappy. Bungling in Persia and the delay in evacuating British troops from Eygpt are two of the most damaging. And then there are various aspects of British policy in Africa and also in British Guiana. The British Government's support of Dr. Malan in the U.N. and elsewhere makes many Indians wonder whether there is much advantage in continued association with either the United Nations or the Commonwealth. For support for Malan is widely interpreted as involving the abandonment of the long-established British official policy of upholding racial equality.

Now, also, it seems that Sir Godfrey Huggins has gone out of his way to accuse India of giving Africans scholarships at Indian Universities in order to teach them to hate the British. This charge is utterly fantastic. As it happens, during the past year I have met several of these African students socially and I have listened to them taking part with Indians and other students in Seminars and informal discussions of political, economic and racial problems. They come from South Africa, from Nyasaland, from Kenya, from Nigeria and elsewhere. Without exception those I have met seemed to me astonishingly mature and objective in their attitude, without any trace of bitterness. My impression is that their life in India gives them the opportunity to see the world and Africa's part in the world in a broader perspective. They can live for a few years in a part of the world where men of all races mix freely, with no fear of an insult; such an experience must have a healing effect on the whole personality.

It is time for British and other Commonwealth statesmen and people to become aware of the fact that in India today there is prevailing a spirit of broad tolerance and magnanimity which is rarely disturbed by the campaigns of hatred that are so widespread in some other parts of the world. Even Dr. Malan is referred to more often in tones of sorrow than of anger. Goodwill towards the British people, I repeat, is still very general, and it is to be hoped that British Government policy will not undermine it. The questions are often asked: Was the whole-hearted acceptance by Britain of freedom for India, Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma only a passing phase? Has the old imperialism re-established itself? No one is quite sure of the answers.

24 Rajpur Road, Delhi, 8. HORACE ALEXANDER

PRIVATE SPECIALISTS

SIR,—The article by "Medical Specialist" in your last issue, containing as it does so much that is untrue, ought not to go unchallenged and it ought never to have been published. It is suggested in general that specialists automatically fall into two ethical or moral groups, namely the honest who become full-time consultants and the dishonest who choose to be part-time. It is seriously suggested that part-time consultants deliberately choose to run up waiting lists for admission to hospital so that the unhappy patient is forced into a nursing home, or a hospital paying bed, in order to expedite his treatment at considerable expense to himself. It is then suggested that whole-time service is criticised because the lack of financial incentives must result in lazy and incompetent service. This, however, is regarded as an outrageous slander. No doubt members of the medical profession are neither more nor less honest over financial matters than any other section of the community but to suggest that the honest and dishonest fall automatically into part-time and full-time groups is quite untrue.

Having served on the staff of a large Teaching

(*Continued on page* 16)

His Majesty of the Law

"My appointment is entirely non-political," said Lord Goddard. (Lord Chief Justices are appointed by the Prime Minister: other judges by the Lord Chancellor.) "I believe this is only the second time that a non-party man has been appointed to my job." He hadn't the time, he said, for politics. Yet by making peers of our High Court Judges ("Baron Goddard of Aldbourne in the County of Wilts"), we give them votes in the House of Lords which they can exercise. True enough, Lord Goddard's infrequent occasions in the Lords have been political only in so far as the problems of crime and punishment, rooted as most of them are in the rights of property, so neatly divide men along the political line. Apart from such questions he has usually shown the grim detachment which, in the case of its Judges, the British public always identifies as impartiality. Even Mr. R. T. Paget, Q.C., could say recently in the House of Commons that "whatever one may think of Lord Goddard as a politician, there has seldom been a finer Judge."

Rayner Goddard, the son of a solicitor, was called to the Bar at the age of twenty-two in 1899, gave all his time to commercial cases (shunning the criminal Bar in the way that future Lord Chief Justices usually seem to have done), and first reached judicial office when he was made Recorder of Poole in 1917. The inevitability of his progress to the Court of Criminal Appeal—through the Recorderships of Bath and Plymouth—was to be rationalised, after the event, by a tale of Lord Jowitt's at the annual meeting of the Magistrates' Association in 1947. When Jowitt and Goddard were at Marlborough there was a tradition that new boys either sang or told a story in the dormitory. It was found necessary to stop Goddard singing, and his offer to recite instead was uneasily accepted. "The sentence of the Court upon you," he at once declaimed, "is that you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence to a place of lawful execution, and that you there be Hanged by the Neck until you be dead: and that your body be afterwards buried within the Precincts of the prison in which you shall have been last confined after your conviction. And may the Lord have Mercy on your Soul." There was no applause: the thing was a modified success.

Although he reached the High Court bench in 1932 and became in fact a Judge who could order hanging, it was not until he became Lord Chief Justice in 1946 that, to his intense annoyance, he began to be known as a "Hanging Judge." It is in any case an absurd misnomer: the sentence of death, unique in being fixed by law and not by the Judge, is in effect pronounced by the jury. But the square-jawed and scowling aspect of the photographs selected by the press for publication fitted perfectly the popular idea of a latter-day Jeffreys; and while some welcomed his appointment as a wholesome terror to the ascendant post-war criminal, others, particularly penal reformers, saw it as a disaster.

Neither view was entirely correct. True, he soon made it evident within the Court of Criminal Appeal that anyone appealing against sentence stood a good chance of getting it increased. He issued an edict (and had to withdraw it as contrary to law) that such appellants were not entitled to be present in Court while their appeals were being heard; and he proclaimed that the minimum sentence of "preventive detention" should normally be eight years (the Statute says five). He made ill-advised and often ill-founded attacks on the approved school system, on probation, on the granting of bail to untried prisoners, and on modern penology in general. In open Court he revived the quiescent controversy about flogging for crimes of violence, choosing some peculiarly inept examples for his purpose: in *Regina v. Cowell and Cowell*, for example, on December 4, 1952, he revived the word "larruping" from its Victorian grave and "supposed" that two youths convicted before him had been "treated like little darlings and tucked up in bed at night." When it turned out that one of them at least had in fact been systematically beaten by the father, his Lordship made no attempt to withdraw or modify his remarks. In the Lords' debate on the 1948 proposal to abolish the death penalty, he announced (through Lord Schuster) at a crucial moment that the Judges were "unanimous" in support of hanging, and admitted a month later that this was incorrect.

But he proved to have a sharp eye for injustice

in the lower Courts. In March, 1953, to quote a quite typical example, he directed that a man who had actually been given preventive detention for eight years should instead be put on probation for two, because he seemed to have been denied a fair chance to go straight. His judgment in the Willcock case in 1951 put an end to identity cards on the widely popular ground that they were an emblem of servitude and had far outlived their war-time justification. In 1942 he undoubtedly spoke for millions when, addressing a private inquiry agent who had "snooped" at a bedroom window from a ladder at night, he said: "If that is your usual method I warn you, my good man, that you had better read the Act of Edward III under which people who do that sort of thing are liable to be bound over as eavesdroppers." It is an open secret that he had fully expected Derek Bentley, whom he had represented to the jury as rather less culpable than Craig, to be reprieved.

His private life has exhibited the same mixed characteristics of sternness and humanity; an abrupt manner and an austerity of precept failing to conceal a love of good talk, good food, Rabelaisian stories, and invitations from the "right people." He was quite unable to conceal his delight at being appointed Lord Chief Justice. But after the death of his wife, when the oldest of his three daughters was eighteen, he spared time from an increasingly busy professional life to supervise the three girls' upbringing with affectionate strictness. He took an anxious interest in the company they kept and the books they read, and they had to give him regular, detailed and sometimes embarrassing accounts of their pin-money expenditure. They thoroughly learned the virtues of submission to authority. Two of them are now J.P.s.

To a reputation as a retailer of risqué stories he adds a rigidly conventional attitude to sex and marriage. When he offered himself to the South Kensington electors in 1929, in opposition to the official Conservative candidate, Sir William Davison, who had five years previously been divorced, he called himself an "independent Conservative," but in fact behaved as an "anti-divorce" candidate, besmirching his opponent and finishing at the bottom of the poll.

No judge has made greater use of the end-of-trial opportunity for a judicial homily. It is in his addresses to convicted prisoners and unsuccessful litigants, in his Divisional Court strictures on the conduct of erring J.P.s, that he is at once most pontificial and most news-worthy. Some may question the value as well as the propriety of the prolonged sermon to a prisoner awaiting sentence. (Fuchs had to listen to a commentary on the dangers of harbouring political refugees for more than five minutes before he knew he had got fourteen years). But it is in these homilies, and other similarly *ex cathedra* pronouncements, that the Lord Chief has revealed his qualities and his prejudices to the world.

He is, for instance, a fearless man; sensitive, it may be, to criticism, but undaunted by it. He is uninfluenced in his duties by popular trends of feeling. Yet he can be generously sympathetic on occasions, particularly where he finds something of a kindred spirit. When Mrs. Braddock was being gleefully lampooned in the press at the time of a libel action before Goddard against a newspaper, he told the jury that she was "as good a witness as I ever want to hear—she gave her evidence fearlessly." Fearlessness, indeed, he admires apparently above other qualities: it marks his own summings up in such sensational cases as that of Nurse Waddington, Ley (the chalk pit murderer), the Liverpool Cameo Cinema trial, and Craig and Bentley. He told the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment that Ley (who was adjudged insane and sent to Broadmoor) should have been hanged, whether he was sane or not. Even more striking was his outburst (para. 365 of the Royal Commission's report) against the practice of Home Secretaries to hold an inquiry into the state of mind of convicted murderers.

> It happens over and over again that where the issue of insanity has been tried and decided by a jury, who have found the prisoner sane, an inquiry has been held under [Section 2 (4) of the 1884 Act], an inquiry be it observed held in private with no representation of the prosecution or the convict, by persons who are not guided by a judge and who need give no reasons for their findings, with the result that the verdict of the jury is reversed . . . The use to which this subsection appears now to be put is to substitute for the verdict returned in open court after trial and argument and direction by the judge the opinion of two or more doctors, arrived at after a private inquiry without any of the publicity which is the life-blood of justice and when it would be possible for them to apply any preconceived standards of their own, which might be contrary not only to the law . . . but also to the opinions of other members of their profession.

The Commissioners said that Lord Goddard's view was "not shared by other witnesses," and pointed out that the jury and the Home Secretary, though both concerned with the state of the prisoner's mind, were not considering the same dates. But it was Goddard who urged that the unfair doctrine of "constructive malice" in murder should be abolished, and that words as well as deeds might sometimes be properly treated as "provocation."

There is an attractively simple theory that, in matters of changing social ethics, "the Judges have always been wrong." The history of the Queen's Bench affords some support for it. It has been the special contribution of Rayner Goddard to this tradition that he has seemed to give it more support than many of his predecessors, while some of his more important judgments have belied it. For a century past, Bench and Bar have produced no more contradictory, robust, or wilful personality.

C. R. H.

Correspondence—*Continued from p. 14*

Hospital for almost twenty years, I would make the following generalisations. The majority of consultants on the staff of Teaching Hospitals spend exactly the same amount of time in hospital as they did prior to the coming of the Health Act; I know several who spend a great deal more time and none who spend any less. Almost all acute admissions to my hospital come through the Receiving Room without having been seen by a consultant, as has always been the case. Out-patient waiting lists vary from one consultant to another as they always did, but in the case of many, a patient has to wait as long, or as short, a time to be seen as an out-patient, as to be seen in private practice. Most patients prefer to be seen as private patients not to avoid being put on a waiting list so much as to have privacy—a matter that must always of necessity be impossible in a hospital responsible for the teaching of medical students.

How do you know that the "modern counterparts of the famous figures in medicine" now hold professorial posts in the Universities? Is it true that these men are responsible for nine-tenths of the research work? It is certainly not true in my Teaching Hospital. I suggest that it is an "outrageous slander" to state that the part-time specialist finds difficulty in giving disinterested advice to Hospital Management Committees. I think it is now generally agreed that as soon as a consultant chooses to become a full-time professor in his subject he becomes more and more involved with administrative work and has less and less to do with the practice of medicine and sees fewer and fewer patients.

I find your article to be largely untrue and notably misleading.

HUGH GARLAND.

43 Park Square, Leeds, 1.

[Our Contributor, necessarily anonymous, is a medical consultant of the highest standing.—ED., *N.S. & N.*].

SIR THOMAS MORE

SIR,—I accused Mr. Trevor-Roper of having made four howlers in the first three lines of his essay. To these (a) he pleads guilty, (b) he excuses himself on the grounds that "Cardinal" is not a legally recognised title in this country. Yet in the same essay he refers to "Cardinals" Wiseman and Manning. The plain inference is that he forgot, if he ever knew, that St. John Fisher had an equal right to the title. (c) Mr. Trevor-Roper is "away from his books." When he returns and consults the dictionary he will see that "recusant" is defined as: "One, especially a Roman Catholic (*Popish recusant*) who refused to attend the services of the Church of England." (d) He excuses his omission of the protomartyrs on the grounds that he was writing exclusively of laymen. But he wrote: "They" (More and Fisher) "were the first recusants." Did he "away from his books" suppose that Fisher was a layman?

One honourable course is open to Mr. Trevor-Roper. He should change his name and seek a livelihood at Cambridge.

I am sorry if I exaggerated the number of his attacks on the Church in your columns. My impression is that, whatever the ostensible subject of his contribution, he makes a hobby of introducing opprobious references to the Church. I have kept no count. If I am wrong, I readily apologise.

But even if I am wrong, Mr. Trevor-Roper's position as a tutor to Christian undergraduates seems to me dubious. In the essay under discussion he wrote: "In the intellectual emptiness of modern English Catholicism only the snob-appeal" (where do young dons pick up their vocabulary?) "is left."

This is to insult not only Roman Catholicism, but all forms of Christianity. No one can doubt that we possess the Scriptures, the Creeds and the Fathers. We claim much else beside. The sane Christian criticism of Roman Catholicism is that we are too full and have enriched the original deposit of faith with legends and opinions. If we are empty, what does Christendom contain?

EVELYN WAUGH

MR. PRIESTLEY'S GYNAEOLATRY

SIR,—Mr. R. J. Tomlin and I are at cross purposes partly because we are attaching different meanings to the same terms. For example, I hold that American society is anything but a "matriarchy." Its chief values are essentially masculine values. Gay girls can have a roaring good time in mining camps, but that does not mean that mining camps are matriarchal. As for "female intelligence" not "resolving our problems," it would have had the sense, which is also intelligence, not to have landed itself with them. But when we refer, as I did, to the feminine and masculine principles, generally we have in mind certain opposing sets of values. I want to devote a piece to this subject. May I ask Mr. Tomlin, and any other interested readers, to wait for this piece?

J. B. PRIESTLEY

PERSONA GRATA

SIR,—In his review of *Persona Grata*, by Cecil Beaton and myself, G. W. Stonier made an assertion which I feel I must deny lest my friends think me demented. He referred to me as someone who "happens to disapprove of" Chaplin. I find this quite mystifying, because the book, as its preface indicates, is an anthology of uniquely gifted human beings, one of them Chaplin, to whom Mr. Beaton and I wanted to pay tribute. Mr. Stonier's confusion is based, I expect, on a paragraph expressing disapproval of *Limelight*. Here, certainly, my idolatry falters. But it is possible, after all, to be a lover of Wordsworth without necessarily admiring "The Excursion."

KENNETH TYNAN

Books in General

SIX years and a war separate the episodes to which these letters, made public for the first time, belong*. Rilke was thirty-nine at the beginning of 1914, when "Benvenuta" crossed his path. Kafka was thirty-seven in 1920, the year of his encounter with Milena. Rilke, who married in youth and had a daughter, had long since ceased to live as a married man. Kafka never married; but an engagement, which dragged on from before and through the Great War, while Kafka toiled in vain to master his doubts, had been a most grim and depressing affair for all concerned. In Rilke's withdrawal from his marriage, in Kafka's final breaking-off of his engagement, there was a common factor, painfully acute in each—an artist's fear of being committed to any obligation other than his destined task. And there was a common price: loneliness. Often to both the price seemed too high; so that when "Benvenuta" and Milena touched their respective lives, and seemed willing to lift the burden, their coming set off the discords of concurrent desire and dread that these letters articulate.

"Benvenuta" and Milena, pretty and young, were also of superior talent and vitality. The very qualities which made them irresistible to lonely genius disqualified them from serving it in a subordinate role. They were in fact restlessly seeking escape routes for themselves. "Benvenuta" (Magda von Hattingberg), then a professional pianist playing in cities all over Europe, was lately divorced, was unhappy, shaken in faith, and had written gratefully to Rilke after reading his *Geschichten vom lieben Gott*. Milena (Jesenská), a multifarious journalist, creative writer and translator, growing desperate in a "gradually dissolving marriage," met Kafka through translating stories of his into Czech.

Kafka's letters, extending over a period of nearly two years, form a substantial and original document. His diaries are silent for most of the period of his friendship with Milena, and very little else about it has been published. On the whole, the letters are dreadfully low-spirited. Kafka writes about headaches, insomnia, fear, illness (he had four years of life left). He prosily relates dull dreams, drearily lectures Milena about his inability to tell a lie to "The Office" (he was in the Workmen's Accident Insurance Institution in Prague) for the sake of being able to visit her. When Kafka works out time-tables and train-routes, great European capitals—Prague, Munich, Vienna—seem to suffer change, to become lost, forlorn stations on the Inner Circle of some provincial limbo. His rare, welcome jokes are wryly morose. He goes on and on about being a Jew (which Milena was not). The foreboding and fear, the "dreamlike inner life" that Kafka's stories transmute into strange art, are certainly here, but in dismally subjective state, unsifted, too little transmuted. The trawl of his sympathy, though it brings up much that fascinates, is not seeking the deepest beds.

The Rilke contribution, spanning twenty-six days of February, 1914, is inevitably much thinner; it is also less original, because "Benvenuta" has previously (in her memoir *Rilke and Benvenuta*) extracted passages from Rilke's letters and she seems to have extracted the best bits. All the same, this thin sheaf is more beguiling than Kafka's. As a lover, matched with Kafka, Rilke seems far more winning. The letters here, all of them written before he had met "Benvenuta," spring wholly clear of the stodge of intractable fact that Kafka called "earthweight." "My fabulous one, fairylike invention of my heart. . . ." A butterfly ardour shimmers from Rilke's pen, and when he warns the fabulous one against himself his phrases still blow as lightly as dandelion-clocks.

In the end, however, the results were the same. Rilke's light warnings proved no less deadly than Kafka's heavy ones. The poets edged back into their interrupted solitude; Rilke in fact the more quickly, with a light ruthlessness of which Kafka's longwinded conscience and forbidding sense of truth were incapable. The reluctance of either to engage the full power of his nature in love is probably what makes these letters, extraordinary as they are, fall short of being great. Rilke, who regarded his letters as part of his creative "productivity," did often exert to the full in them his prescient, visionary intellect. Here, in its stead, is a spring of feeling, rejoicing in simple expression.

What was withheld is strikingly illustrated, in Kafka's case, by Gustav Janouch's *Conversations with Kafka*†, which happens to cover the same period as that of Kafka's love for Milena. Several times his letters to her refer with affectionate irritation to a "young poet and musician"—this was Herr Janouch, only seventeen when he met Kafka—whose visits, usually at "The Office," have interrupted the writing of them. Ironically, it is the interruptions that have produced a small masterpiece loaded with the wisdom of Kafka's genius; and Kafka's nearest friends have testified that it catches his living voice, as it certainly seems to do. What the importunate interrupter wanted from "Doctor Kafka" were his views on great matters—man and the universe, life, love, and death, religion, politics, the future of Europe, art—and he went after them with a truculent innocence that tore Kafka away from the wailing wall of his own fate. This was from 1920 to 1923. Kafka's uncannily accurate accounts of things to come, of the "deformities which have not yet penetrated our consciousness" (but since have), emerge here as dark specks in the glass of a profound and original vision.

One thing that Kafka expressed to Herr Janouch was a fear of music, on account of its "endlessness."

> Music (Kafka said) creates new, subtler, more complicated, and therefore more dangerous pleasures. But poetry aims at clarifying the wilderness of pleasures. . . .

This crops out also in a letter to Milena, in which Kafka tells her that he is unmusical, and that such a state is for him a "particular strength." To Kafka's attitude, blent of fear and dismissal, there are curious parallels in Rilke, in the letters to Benvenuta. Rilke at one point warns "Benvenuta" that he has "waged a valiant fight against the very existence of pianos in my proximity" and that this "may well be a good thing" because he has—

> embarked on certain undertakings which I must bring to a conclusion in the *same* frame of mind . . . yet every new note (as I well know) sets the scene for . . . . other things.

He has "hardened his heart," Rilke avers, against his fellow-man, and is only willing to be "redeemed" by an angel. Of course, Rilke did not succeed in hardening his heart, either against "Benvenuta" or her music, but surrendered to both with alarmed joy. Refined and European in his culture, Rilke had to abandon his earliest, somewhat bumptious, prejudices, and allow himself to receive the experience of music in its full stature. It was especially during his friendship with Benvenuta that he did that. But while he was still doing it Rilke began to exaggerate and, as it were, to elongate this stature—"When music speaks," he said, "it speaks to God, not to us"—until in his own thought he had raised music to the rank of an independent divinity, an Angel. Only then was Rilke again able to see music calmly, classifying it as "terrible" (*Jeder Engel ist schrecklich*) and (if tempted) dangerous through its power to exert a competitive claim.

These positions of Rilke and Kafka, though they differ temperamentally, are similar in effect, and probably similar in purpose. The claim that dominated both was that of obedience to a vision of reality, of the place of man in the universe, of the "world in all its magnificent depths" which, Kafka said, "only reveals itself in quietness." On this they spent the entire power of their natures. For all other claims, including those of a high order, back seats had to be found. Perhaps it is not insignificant, in the light of such affinity, that Rilke and Kafka were both born in Prague, in the Kingdom of Bohemia, at the vague heart of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. They saw the Great War, the aftermath of revolution and misery, the old Empire in fragments, hasty new fences cutting up the open plain of European culture. They observed, in the few years left before their own deaths (Kafka's in 1924, Rilke's in 1926) the corresponding upshoots of a fragmented culture and art. But their roots, which had ramified earlier and in more spacious soil, proved tenacious; and there is something heroic in the tenacity which fought still towards the victory of an earlier vision, refusing absolutely, against the entire force of the time, to deal in fragmented, finite problems, in the local relationships of nations, religions, or groups.

This is abundantly expressed by Kafka in the *Conversations*; as it is by Rilke when he says of the *Duino Elegies*—the culminating work in which, like a sword-swallower, Rilke swallowed the whole world—that he "rescued" it from the "grinding pressures of those years." Begun in 1912, the *Elegies* had been laid aside until 1922, when they were suddenly taken up again and finished, in the spirit of their original conception. *The Castle*, Kafka's supreme vision of the soul as a stranger looking for truth among indistinct clues, was also written in 1922. In the same year, curiously enough, a work

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* *Letters to Milena.* By FRANZ KAFKA. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

† *Conversations with Kafka.* By GUSTAV JANOUCH. *Verschoyle.* 10s. 6d.

Letters to Benvenuta. By RAINER MARIA RILKE. *Hogarth.* 10s. 6d.

appeared whose masterful organising of the impulse of fragmentation had persuasive effects on cultural fashions. This was *The Waste Land*. Vastly proliferated since, in those "years of *l'entre deux guerres*," the arts of fragmentation seem now to have exhausted their impulse. Their legacy is looked at askance by a generation which does not know whether it could recapture single vision, in a new way which would also be valid. In this situation Rilke and Kafka have topical interest of a special and similar kind.

In his travels and friendships, in the ransacking refinement and receptivity of his culture, Rilke achieved a wing-span that seems to justify the universality of his vision. Kafka, unbudgingly conscientious, with his office-hours, habit-like headaches, and dreadful way of looking at the time, seems to have a more limited title. Here too, however, an obvious difference conceals a significant likeness. Kafka was a Jew. Carrying in his spirit the alienated, ever-migrant world of Jewry, deliberately fostering his awareness of it, he did not need to wander physically, absorbing countries, peoples, and arts, in order to achieve universality. Even his view of music, at first glance so much poorer than Rilke's, is deepened by its relation to the Talmudic "law-giving" mode that for Kafka disposed of, or at least put in their place, a good many matters.

It is a pity that these letters, so valuable to explorers of Kafka and Rilke, have been edited on a sort of mystification principle. The editor of the Milena letters, Herr Willi Haas, withholds Milena's surname, which is merely tiresome, as it has appeared in several books. His introduction, though it tells something of Milena's life, personality, and heart-rending death in Ravensbrück concentration-camp in 1944, is gingerly vague, both about her and Kafka, in an exasperating way that diminishes gratitude for his laborious arranging by date of scores of undated letters. In the Rilke volume, the text of the letters is continually interrupted by rows of defiant, brazen dots, so that it is impossible to guess how much is missing, or where or whether these passages overlap, as they sometimes seem to do, with previous extracts. The *Conversations*, beautifully translated by Mr. Goronwy Rees, are presented with just the right kind and amount of useful comment.

GILES ROMILLY

MAD POET

He dances on his naked native toe,
And stars and blots and jottings sport about his head,
Read or unread, his works lie in a silken pile,
Beneath the unpacific sky he dances, while
The autumn pine drops leaves of thought about his head.

One agile line creates him in his twisted robe,
From toe to glorious grin and balding top—
Apply for special status, in return for quip and quirk?
Straightened shall be your crooked line, and stopped your hop!
Pick up your careless leaves and sort your thoughts,
Replace the stars in heaven, modify that smirk!

It is alleged
An empty saké bottle in your company was seen.
No more than drunk you are, on Old Japan—
So far as we can tell, undemocratic Poet San.

D. J. ENRIGHT

THE COBBLER A LONG WAY FROM HIS LAST

A Decade of Decision. By FRED HOYLE. *Heinemann. 6s.*

The engaging thing about Mr. Hoyle, when he descends from the heavens, is his sheer power of belief. When he cannot find any more things to believe, he invents them. He believes that Sir John Anderson proposed that we should, by way of personal defence against atomic bombardment, place our heads in brown paper bags. He believes that in the last war Germany "challenged and fought" Bulgaria and Hungary. But that is nothing. Anyone who can believe his economic and psychological statements can believe anything. He says quite cheerfully, for example, on page 3, that the gap between our importation of foodstuffs and raw material and our exports, ought to be paid for "by our visible exports," and that "formerly" for more than a hundred years, this has been the exception; and "the gap was filled by invisible exports, partly by the interest received on foreign capital investments *and by the spending of the capital itself*" (my italics). Any book of reference would have shown him that our foreign investments went up from £550,000,000 in 1854, to £4,000,000,000 in 1914—a rise which certainly was not produced by spending our foreign capital investments. This increase was in fact produced by the re-investment, on balance, of all the revenue from our foreign capital investment, and by adding to this, gigantic new sums. During the 1914-18 war we certainly sold £350-£400 millions of foreign investments. But we made it all up again by 1934. In the late war we sold £1,118 millions worth. Professor Paish, however, estimates that, since then, we have invested again, abroad, about another £1,000 millions. A deficit on our total balance of payments (for our "services" cannot simply be ignored), has in fact been the exception rather than the rule, except in war-time, even since 1918.

Mr. Hoyle works himself very easily into a state of vigorous assertiveness, chiefly by omitting to examine known facts, and by drawing inaccurate deductions from what he half remembers. An example of this is his idea that the continuation of the blockade of Germany, after hostilities had ended in 1918, was due to a desire of the Allies not to treat the Germans in a humane fashion. As Professor Zimmern pointed out long ago, it was an administrative method of maintaining the food controls in a world of shortages. Something of the kind would have been necessary, whatever the method. Indeed, we have heard, quite recently, vigorous denunciation of abolishing food controls, even amongst the victors, even eight years after a war.

When it comes to psychology, however, Mr. Hoyle really does get going. His view of Christianity is, that it arose originally from "religious compensation" amongst the Hebrews, a people of under-dogs; after which "one group within the Jewish Church" wrote up Jesus to enhance its own status and finally deified him; "otherwise the ethic of Jesus would have died away and become forgotten." All this on p. 161. Meanwhile, on p. 45, he has quoted with the utmost approval

> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
> This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
> Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
> Renowned for their deeds as far from home
> For Christian service and true chivalry,
> As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
> Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son. . . . .

Anyone who believes that this describes the religion of a people of under-dogs, or is mainly derived from the religion of a people of under-dogs, requires the services of a psychiatrist.

The present book represents, as Bernard Shaw said of the works of Miss Marie Corelli, the victory of a powerful imagination over an inadequate array of facts. It might be none the worse for that. A child-like power of belief is a very engaging and useful quality. Not, however, always of much practical use in dealing with everyday life. Yet everyday life is what our author has set out to alter. His proposal is that twenty-five million people should be moved out of Great Britain at a rate of about one million a year. This he thinks would make Great Britain highly prosperous and perhaps even able to beat Australia at cricket. The full effort required by the project, says Mr. Hoyle, is economically equivalent to about ten years of modern warfare. When asked how this movement is to be initiated and carried through, physically and psychologically, he says he does not know. But "the psychological attitude of a people can be changed."

We know from experience how the matter is tackled in war. The persons selected for movement are nearly all of one sex, all of about one age. If individuals refuse to go, they are imprisoned or shot. All this is done under a burning impulse of the spirit, certainly not engendered by anything like the brash and chippy approach of Mr. Hoyle. Even so, it may be doubted if this drastic process would succeed, were it not made clear to the persons concerned that they will eventually return home; this is the object of the exercise.

But even the proposed new super-exodus is not to be enough. When the populations in question have been got abroad, they have to be made to stop increasing. "All our efforts would be wasted" if the tendency of the standard of living to rise (in about thirty years' time), in consequence of the migration scheme, "were simply swallowed up by an increase of population." And even this is not enough. The rest of the world has to be persuaded to stop breeding also. The birth-rate of the world should be kept "some ten or fifteen per cent." below the value needed for complete population stability. In this way, says Mr. Hoyle, ingenuously, "without any really serious adverse consequences," the world population would decline in 500 years to about a third of its present value. Value is his own word—one of those phrases which reveal, often too clearly, what is worrying the sub-conscious.

The practical steps suggested to achieve this end are rather nebulous. The main immediate proposal is that Slavic expansion in the Far East should be encouraged "as much as we can." Suppose the British exodus to have been brought about, no matter how, and the Slavic expansion to have absorbed all of East Asia, then, says Mr. Hoyle, in 25 years the Western Powers will have enormously increased their lead over the unfortunate Russians, whose attempts to get more food out of territory that inherently will not grow more, will have met with scant success. The Russians then "might indeed come to understand the enormous expansive property of a geometrical progression." It is possible, he says, that in their blunt way they would tackle a problem that the Western World is too squeamish even to consider—a little hard on the Western Powers, who are supposed just to have tackled and solved this very problem. But anyway, the Russians might, "by propaganda exhortations and threats be able to keep the birth-rate at such a level as to maintain a stable population." Or indeed, in 25 years or even less, watching the West growing fatter and fatter, and fewer and fewer, on the unoccupied lands, while the Slavic expansion was growing more and more numerous, and more and more hungry, on the crowded lands, they might have thought of something else . . .

The fact is, that this uppish arrogance of approach, this misrepresentation of the very grammar of those whose opinions do not coincide with our author's, this brushing aside of all the practical aspects of such an enormous and very real problem, hinders, not helps, the appreciation of its importance, which, Heaven knows, is great enough. A certain humility in address is not only desirable, it is essential, if men are to be got to listen. To presume upon knowledge, to browbeat the ignorant, to ignore or to decry the extraordinary waves of the spirit by which, in the past, great transformations of man and of his environment have been brought about—such is indeed the classical disease of learning. It is the *trahison des clercs*.

WALTER ELLIOT

THE LATEST HEGELIAN

Sartre. By IRIS MURDOCH. *Bowes & Bowes. 6s.*

Reading Sartre, both his philosophy and his fiction, is often very hard work. Few casual and unnecessary pleasures are thrown in one's way. Rather, reader and author are expected to grapple together in some hopeless struggle of communication. It has been easy to see that he is an important writer, but this is not always enough. There are Englishmen who, with high resolution, have read to the end of *L'Etre et Le Néant*, and there are certainly many who have read, and even enjoyed, the whole of *Les Chemins de la Liberté*. But still some introduction, some explanatory encouragement is needed.

The easiest starting-point is *La Nausée*, the early novel in which the new style and the new vision first showed themselves with unmistakable force. It seemed certain that they must be imitated; and they were imitated, sometimes by Sartre himself. Miss Murdoch begins with an analysis of *La Nausée*, and confines herself largely to the novels, and to the attitudes and philosophy of life conveyed in them. Her essay seems to me really constructive criticism, wide ranging, faithful to its subject, serious, but not portentous or glum. Sartre's ideas and purposes are fitted into a whole landscape of contemporary thought, and the analysis moves easily between fiction and philosophy. This is the kind of criticism which has been common in France, but is now very rare in England. In England philosophy and philosophy of life are kept properly and primly apart. Poets and novelists have general attitudes to experience, and philosophers do philosophy. Sartre was elaborately trained as a philosopher, and the distinctions of German metaphysics colour all his thought and feeling. One may find, scattered through his works, individual aphorisms which, taken together, may seem to define his philosophy; but this would be altogether too easy. It is typical of his thought and purpose that he must use the contemporary forms—the novel, play, or academic treatise. The truth, as he sees it, could not be stated in classical forms, clear and distilled, in the manner of the great French moralists. There must be the tedium, the "viscous" speculations, the almost journalistic sense of emergency, that odd mixture of contemporary reference and philosophical paradox which he has made his own. This is his authentic world of thought and feeling, a dark world in which philosophical desperadoes make heroic jumps from Being into Not-Being, and fight in their own underground movement against Reality. Miss Murdoch skilfully finds links with the more humdrum activities of English philosophers.

There is a more general question which she does not answer. Why do all comparisons with Dostoevsky seem absurd, out of place? Perhaps part of the answer is that Dostoevsky did not write problem novels, and that Sartre does; and a problem novel is apt to be as lifeless and as imaginatively superficial as a problem picture. If the problem does not arise out of the medium itself, out of the situations and the people, the novel becomes no more than an illustration, a document of the times, with only its period charm and interest. Sartre, like Shaw, may wholly succeed in the theatre, because the theatre provides its own illusion. The curtain goes up, and the illusion is there; the dramatist has the imagination of the audience working with him from the beginning. And so a problem play is possible, because it can live imaginatively in its impersonation. It seems to me that in Sartre's novels, except perhaps in *La Nausée*, the curtain never really goes up. There is only a brilliant prologue, delivered before the curtain, which says—"This is what life is like"; there is never that first moment of illusion, of entry into a scene, which Dostoevsky, or any great novelist, provides; and provides very suddenly, for a man sitting in his room, with only written words before him. Without this transforming gift, there may be plays, prefaces, political treatises, and all the forms of controversy which Shaw and Sartre have used; but not novels; they will otherwise be left, without topical relevance, like Victorian illustrations, marked "the mood of the times, 1945-1953."

Miss Murdoch does criticise the form of the novels, but it has been her main purpose to explain what Sartre's existentialism is, and why it has been largely ignored here, particularly by English philosophers. I think she almost wholly succeeds. Her essay is full of illuminating comparisons; but, more important than this, it is written by someone who understands the catastrophes of intellectual politics, and who can still take them seriously. Sartre is above all a political writer, one more Young Hegelian who sees every moral problem as political and every political problem as moral; and he is in some obscure despair because he cannot reconcile the march of Reason with the march of History. It is difficult to explain to English philosophers how this despair could arise; for it would never occur to them to attempt the reconciliation. German metaphysics, later than Kant, is now only a distant memory; it finally disappeared in Bertrand Russell's mockery and in that logic which underlies the belief in empirical methods in politics. No secure and dominating Church: no powerful Communist movement—the conditions of philosophy in England and in the Latin countries must for a long time be totally different: criticism of this kind will help to keep communications open.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

NEW NOVELS

The Devil and **Family Happiness.** By LEO TOLSTOY. Translated by APRIL FITZLYON. *Spearman & Calder.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Dom Casmurro. By MACHADO DE ASSIS. Translated by HELEN CALDWELL. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Flesh in the Mirror. By FELICIEN MARCEAU. Translated by MARGARET CROSLAND. *Vision.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A new novel from the pen of Count Leo Tolstoy is all too rare an event in these days. His admirers will learn with pleasure of the existence of *two* new works by the great Russian master. Not, of course, that either *Family Happiness* or *The Devil* is precisely unknown, but they will probably be unfamiliar to most English readers, and it was an excellent idea to publish them in one volume in these new translations by Miss April FitzLyon. No doubt when set beside *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* they are small; but that does not prevent them from being wonderful and *Family Happiness* from being perfect. These two short novels represent Tolstoy at the beginning and the end of his career as a novelist: *Family Happiness* was written in 1858, after *Childhood, Boyhood and Youth* and before *The Cossacks*. It may be taken, then, as his first novel. *The Devil* was written in 1889 and so belongs to the period of *The Kreutzer Sonata*. Both stories, as Miss FitzLyon shows in her notes, came out of Tolstoy's own experience.

Tolstoy had been engaged to Valeriya Vladimirovna Arsyeneva around 1857; the engagement was broken off because the lady refused to accept Tolstoy's conditions of marriage, that they should live quietly in the country for twenty years. *Family Happiness* is very much the story of what might have been had Valeriya married Tolstoy. It is told in the first person by the heroine Masha and is an account of her falling in love with her guardian, a man twenty years older than herself, their marriage despite his partial reluctance because of the difference in their ages, their ecstatic happiness in the country, and the alienation that sets in between them when, against his better judgment, the husband takes his wife to St. Petersburg. Neither is to blame, and in the end the marriage-relation moves into a new harmony.

Of *Family Happiness* one can only say, This is life itself. It is a miraculous rendering of the condition of being a human being, and never has the state of love been more directly or more beautifully realised. *The Devil*, prefixed as it is

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with a quotation from scripture, "But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart," is very much late Tolstoy, but still Tolstoy the supreme artist. It is the story of a landowner, a good man, who, having had an affair with a peasant girl on his estate, marries happily and prospers until the sudden reappearance of the girl rouses within him an obsessive lust which, try as he may, he cannot fight against. Here again, all one can say is, This is life. Evgeny Irtyenev is every man. If one were not against compulsion one would say that, in any decent system of education, the novels and stories of Tolstoy would be compulsory reading.

Machado de Assis, the Brazilian poet and novelist who died in 1908, is a delightful writer. The clue to his quality may be found in this chapter from *Dom Casmurro :*

> In telling of that crisis in my adolescent love, I feel something I do not know how to explain : Somehow the sufferings of that period have become so spiritualised with time that they have melted into pleasure. This is not clear—but not everything is clear in life or in books. The truth is I feel a particular pleasure in retelling this ordeal, while it is certain that it reminds me of others which I would not be reminded of for anything.

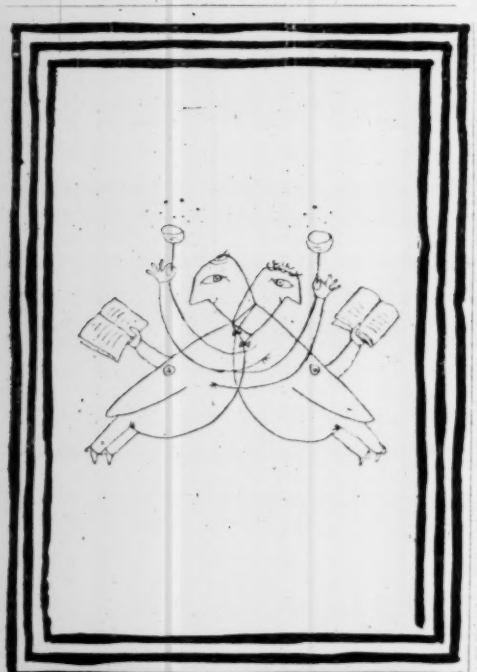
Machado, in other words, is an exponent of that particular savouring of experience which came into literature as sensibility in Sterne and toppled over into sentimentality in Lytton and Thackeray, though, put thus, one has said much less than the truth about Thackeray. Machado's Dom Casmurro is an old lawyer in Rio—"Dom Casmurro" means, apparently, "a morose, tight-lipped man withdrawn within himself"—who tells his life-story, his love through childhood to manhood for Capitu, his friendship with his fellow-seminarist Escobar, his marriage to Capitu, and his discovery that both have betrayed him with each other. It is charming : *Dom Casmurro* is a model of literary tact. And the account of its hero's life as a boy in Rio, during the fifties and sixties of last century is especially delightful. The tragic climax—though no longer seen as tragic because reinterpreted in the light of old age—is not, I think, sufficiently prepared for and to that extent is unconvincing.

The Flesh in the Mirror, raw and brutal as it is—the publishers very reasonably compare M. Marceau with Céline—is also reminiscent in some ways of Sterne, of the Sterne whose god, as E. M. Forster has said, was Muddle :

> Do you want the key to existence ? Here it is : things happen or they don't happen. All the rest is a joke. A banana skin. No interest. And you slip on it.

In a sense, *The Flesh in the Mirror* is slapstick, the slapstick of meaninglessness. Céline in his novels was out to show society as an organised racket : M. Marceau's hero, Magis, has something he calls the System, which is composed of received opinions on what is right and proper. All these, he seems to suggest, are fictions, and Magis's story is his narration of his revolt against these fictions as they govern his working life and his emotional experience. The revolt leads to a highly successful murder on his part which brings his wife's lover to the gallows in his stead and himself no end of public sympathy. *The Flesh in the Mirror* is not in any way a "nice" book ; in tone it is not so much bitter as sour ; but it is very funny. It doesn't deserve the vulgar jacket it is adorned with.

WALTER ALLEN



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A QUESTION OF GUSTO

Airborne at Kitty Hawk. By MICHAEL HARRISON. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A History of Flying. By C. H. GIBBS-SMITH. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

The Shape of the Aeroplane. By JAMES HAY STEVENS. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The World's Great Bridges. By H. SHIRLEY SMITH. *Phoenix House.* 15*s.*

The Adventure of Space Travel. By G. V. E. THOMPSON. *Dobson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Nineteenth-century biographers of engineers and scientists, and historians of technology and transport, had a lively sense of the present. The events and people they wrote about were selected mainly because they were the precursors of what seemed important contemporary events. The flavour of the titles they chose for some of their works reveals their philosophy : *History of the Steam Engine, from its earliest Invention to the present Time,* by Elijah Galloway; *An Historical Sketch of the Origin, Progress, and present State of Gas-lighting,* by William Matthews. Both were published in 1827. What they and their like lost in detachment, they gained in gusto. Today, for many people, the concept of history and the concept of the present are nearly contradictory. Yesterday has nearly ceased to be a part of today, and has become a kind of dream from which some people would rather not wake up.

Galloway was writing a little less than sixty years after James Watt's patent of the separate condenser for the steam engine—an event perhaps as important relatively as the first flight of the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk on December 17th, 1903, or Whittle's first patent of January, 1930. If anyone had suggested to Galloway that his history should start with Watt, and then drift back to Newcomen, Smeaton, Savery, De Caus, Papin and Torricelli, he would not have believed his ears. Matthews would have spluttered with indignation if he had been asked to confine himself to the times preceding Murdock and Lebon. Yet Michael Harrison in *Airborne at Kitty Hawk* gets no nearer today than 1903. Even Mr. Gibbs-Smith's scholarly *History of Flying* only dips a toe into the twentieth century, and dismisses the last twenty-five years in a "Postscript on Yesterday and Today" of 16 pages out of 286. Of the three books on aeroplanes under review, only Mr. James Hay Stevens guides his readers from 1903 through 1953 into the future. Mr. H. Shirley Smith does his best to keep his head clear as he approaches the present, but the contemporary parts of his fascinating book on bridges are often overwhelmed by a torrent of detail—a weakness only partly overcome by splendid contemporary photographs. Mr. Thompson writes the history of the future with the detachment most people reserve for the history of the past.

The authors concerned would probably say that they find the present too intractable, or too complicated, or that they are interested only in the prehistory of their subject, or that they are too close to the contemporary scene to attempt its historical evaluation. It remains that, for one reason or another, good or bad, two of the five touch on the present hardly at all, and one in a blurred way. Mr. Thompson treats the present as a convenient platform from which to launch himself into space. We are left with Mr. Stevens who is the only one to treat the present convincingly as a development of the past, and the future as a development of the present.

Mr. Michael Harrison's *Airborne at Kitty Hawk* is a brief summary of the history of flying till 1903, a little too condensed to make it easily readable, yet too scrappy to be of great value for the expert or as a work of reference. However, those parts of it dealing with the Wrights draw on the brothers' diaries, and give more detail about their work than is ordinarily available.

Mr. Gibbs-Smith's *History of Flying* covers the same ground much more adequately. But even this author tends to see his subject as an orderly accumulation of detail. He does not quite succeed in giving the sense of growth and structure that the subject seems to demand. Though his book is scholarly and excellently written, well presented and well ordered, and with a good bibliography and index, though it will please expert and laymen alike, it lacks the sense of the living present that makes a book like John Francis's *A History of the English Railway; its Social Relations and Revelations,* published in 1851, almost fifty years after Trevithick's first locomotive, in some ways the better of the two.

Instead of ending with the Wright brothers, Mr. Stevens starts with them. Using his own simple and unpretentious sketches, he leads his readers through the jungle of twentieth-century aviation, relating the shape and performance of the aeroplanes to the tools, materials, state of knowledge, and economic, military and social pressures of the times when they appeared. The opening words of his Introduction state,

> This book is not in any sense an aeronautical history, it is not even a history of the aeroplane; it is simply an attempt to explain why the aeroplane of today looks as it does I have tried to describe the cause and effect in design; to show how the shape depends upon the fitness for purpose. . . .

In light of this, it is necessary to report that Mr. Stevens is probably the best historian of the lot. What he lacks in formal scholarship, he makes up for by simplicity, logic and directness. If his literary style had been as well ordered and lucid as his thought, his book might have been much more important than it is.

Mr. Shirley Smith is a bridge builder who loves bridges. He writes of the bridges of ancient Rome and Persia, of Florence and eighteenth-century France, of America, Britain and India as if he had been in charge of their construction. Though he has a sense of the evolution of methods and materials, this side of his subject is less well developed. And he cannot quite see his way through the maze of contemporary engineering.

The nineteenth century was so wrapped up in the present that it had little time for the future. So when people came to consider it, other than in platitudes, it had to be made to appear larger than life. So they saw it through the eyes of Jules Verne's satanic Captain Nemo, ancestor of H. G. Wells's seedy Professor Cavor. Both of them are ancestors of Superman, a descendant each would be reluctant to recognise. For if Nemo was the symbol of nineteenth-century mastery, and Cavor of early twentieth doubt, Superman is merely the aggressive compensation for America's sense of insecurity. So it is agree-

able to find Mr. Thompson treating the future confidently, clearly, and diffidently. He explains how we reached the moon, and some of the problems we had to overcome in the design of orbital rockets and space suits. He warns us to be careful when we land on Phobos or Deimos, Mars's twin moons, for we may reach escape velocity merely by jumping. Mr. Thompson tackles complicated subjects in simple words. He is a physicist who explains but does not talk down, one in the great tradition of English scientic exposition.

These books, and hosts of others, reveal a lack in contemporary life. We have lost the art of making the present as exciting and momentous as the past. Why should Whittle's first flight with a gas turbine seem less exciting and romantic than the first Montgolfier flight in 1783? We would not have taken the Comet so much for granted a hundred years ago. The pages of *The Illustrated London News* would have been loaded with illustrations of her. Today the Russians seem to have captured the gusto once reserved for the British and the Americans. To the West their claims often sound brash and vulgar and boastful. But what did our enthusiasms seem to other people a hundred years ago? Brash and vulgar and boastful! Perhaps what the Russians lack in detachment, they make up for in gusto. Are we sure that what we usually jeer at is not something we really need ourselves?

ARTHUR ELTON

THE WINTER QUEEN

The Letters of Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia. Ed. by L. M. BAKER. *Bodley Head.* 30*s.*

> I confess, as a woman and a Christian, I should rather desire it (the restitution) by peace, but I have lived so long amongst soldiers and wars, as it makes one to me as easy as the other and as familiar. . . .

These are the letters of a long exile. Stranded at The Hague by the upheavals of Europe, Elizabeth waited through the last 29 years of the Thirty Years War (the first had made and unmade her Queen of Bohemia). Then, surrounded by another set of wandering royalty, she waited through the eleven years between the execution of her brother Charles I and the Restoration. Not even White Russians have yet waited so long. So, through all the correspondence of those years, Elizabeth goes on hoping that some invading Power or mercenary leader will restore her and her attractive muddler of a husband to their first possession, the Palatinate; stands out for their full rights; looks for help to her English family but finds them embarrassed and cautious ("you may iudge," she complains at last, "what comfort that is to us to be used as little children that cannot keep counsell"); hears of some German province sacked and burnt—but that is rather remote; and proves herself throughout a good hater. The Emperor, her husband's first enemy, "hath but one eye, and that not verie good. I am afrayed he will be lowsie, for he hath not monie to buy himself cloths." Later on Cromwell is quite simply the Beast in Revelation: "I wish him the like end right speedilie, and you a hapie new yeare."

Yet, as the exile sometimes must, she compromised. The Revolution cut off her allowance from England: she had to send pleading letters to Parliament, trickily written so as not to repudiate her brother or her son Prince Rupert; to her real friends she wrote with an eye on a possible censor. Then, her debts still unpaid, her household mismanaged and running out of candles and firing, her wedding ring in pawn, she embarked on a vast wrangle with the son whom the peace of Westphalia had at last sent back to a diminished Palatinate. Charles Louis was a cold fish in most things, as the children of attractive parents sometimes are, though not in his dealings with his wife and mistress; his mother was extravagant with money but held the strongest principles about marriage and her son's "open keeping that wench." And so the tale goes on of money begged and refused or grudgingly given; of corn from Heidelberg that fails to come or wine that the Rhine boatmen have drunk and watered. "I believe he meanes to starve me out . . . as they do blocked towns," she cries; and then, irritably affectionate (though less and less so), assures him that "if you will doe it I shall take it extreme well, if not the worse luck for me, who woulde not trouble you, but that necessitie has no law which is no smale greef to me. . . ."

It was not, as Miss C. V. Wedgwood points out in her introduction, a happy life. The "queen of hearts" of the modest legend comes out only now and then, as when she tells her fat and devoted friend Sir Thomas Roe:

> For your first coming I will be verie civill and make you as wise a face as I can, afterwards look for never a wise word from me, neither doe I much look for other from your pert bulke. . . .

Or as in this example of royal virtuosity in fascination (the rules were easier then than now):

> Thou ugly, filthy, camel's face [she writes to a middle-aged and friendly ambassador], You chid me once for not writing to you; now I have my revenge, and more justly chide you, for not having heard from you for so long as I fear you have forgot to write. I have charged this fat fellow to tell you all this, and that I cannot forget your villany . . . I must desire your sweet face to continue your help to us, in this business which concerns me so near; and in spite of you, I am ever constantly your most affectionat friend Elizabeth.

But the lasting impression is of a tough woman, fond of a joke, of a play, and of hunting; strong for the proprieties and the moral law; capable of writing to her son, on the death of a young bastard of his for whom she had a "great kindness": "I pray God comfort you and keep you from greater afflictions, in preseruing those that are your lawfull children." But the toughness, like the gaiety, is in no way repellent: merely Old English.

The book is in some ways an odd production. It is not put forward as a complete collection, has no index, and gives no detailed account of where the letters come from. On the other hand the reader who cares little for news of old wars and old politics must, if he is to find the plums, share a good deal of the dreariness of exile.

JOHN ROSSELLI

WAR'S ANNALS

A Hundred Years of War. By CYRIL FALLS. *Duckworth.* 30*s.*

The English have never thought very much about war: we have never had to. Rich men do not think very much about money. For two hundred years or so our island immunity lifted us high above the vulgar struggles of the Continent; we fought, if at all, to increase our wealth, not to save our skins. Fifty years ago a handful of brilliant men, among whom Haldane was pre-eminent, began to take matters more seriously, and the Committee of Imperial Defence was set up just in time to ensure that the first total war did not catch us completely unprepared. But even those five years, which transformed the social and political structure of the nation, barely changed our intellectual assumptions. The Great War was exceptional. It was the war to end wars. The huge conflicts still raging in Eastern Europe and Asia, the bitter quarrels bubbling in the Levant, did not prevent a return to the comfortable beliefs of J. R. Green and Macaulay, that war was part of a barbarous past and need not be taken into serious consideration in planning for the future. Peace and absence of foreign interference—the characteristics of that quite untypical century between 1814 and 1914—continued to be the presuppositions of economists, lawyers, planners and politicians. The Army was sneered at by the Left and starved by the Right. If war was to recur at all it would be as a high-minded, ideological crusade—certainly not as a desperate struggle, in which no holds were barred, for the mere survival of our tribe.

We should by now have learned our lesson.

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War, or that disposition to it which Hobbes rightly linked with the conflict itself, is a condition quite as usual, in the long run, as peace; as Captain Falls's survey shows all too clearly. This is not because, as he suggests and as the Right tends to believe, "war is a natural and ingrained activity of the human race." The lust for adventure and struggle in modern man finds various outlets: mountaineering, gambling, the chase in all its forms, sport, even razor-fights on Clapham Common; but there is nothing warlike about the dreary acceptance of that mass-direction which constitutes modern war. Nor do wars occur, as theorists of the Left have sometimes believed, because the ruling classes find them profitable. "The Great Illusion" was illusory in more senses than one. Wars occur because the conflicts which are incessant and inevitable between the various societies into which mankind is organised become, at intervals, irreconcilable save on terms which would involve a catastrophic change in the situation and traditions of one of the parties—terms which that party will not accept. As Clausewitz pointed out, an aggressor is always peace-loving, for he would far rather achieve his ambitions without fighting. War begins, not with an act of aggression, but an act of defence: a truism which contemporary "partisans of peace" would do well to ponder.

These distressing facts of life have always been clear to the Germans. Prussian militarism was shaped, not by the Devil, but by pressure of circumstance. The need for survival in the cut-throat world of the seventeenth century gave the Kingdom of Prussia its militarist flavour, and when smashed by Napoleon it learned the revolutionary techniques of its enemy, codified them and applied them with meticulous thoroughness. Clausewitz and Delbrück thought and wrote about war as an activity embracing the whole of society; indeed, as an aspect of society itself, as permanent and as valid as law, or culture, or economic production. For the English theorists, Hamley, Corbett and Callwell, it was a necessary but specialised activity for experts, like sanitary engineering, which could be considered *in vacuo*. Military history in the universities is still at most an optional subject, and one usually blandly ignored by teachers and pupils alike. The truth which Clemenceau discerned during the First World War is only now being fully appreciated in England: that war is too serious a business to be left to the soldiers.

The assignment which Messrs Duckworth gave Captain Falls suggests that we still have a long way to go. Publishers have a Platonic passion for numbers and seem to love dates, anniversaries and centenaries which impose a totally alien pattern on the subject which they define. One might write a competent book on A Hundred Years of Football; a number of eminent men, one learns from the dust-cover of this work, have written on A Hundred Years of Psychology, Astronomy, Archæology, Education and Music. But one might with as much reason write on A Hundred Years of Man, or of History, or of Peace, as of War; it is not an activity which can be considered in isolation. It might be possible to produce something readable on the development of war techniques: the effect of rifling projectile weapons on land tactics, or of the introduction of armour and steam on naval manœuvres; the effect of mechanisation on supply in the field; the changing pattern of casualties as scientific knowledge eliminates sickness and makes weapons more destructive; the impact of air power on tactics and strategy. But at once the subject broadens out. The total effect of the development of weapons during the past hundred years has been to take large numbers of men from the firing-line and put them into the factories, where they remain legitimate military targets. War is no longer a specialist occupation but the activity of society at large, and the military historian must call on the economist, the sociologist, the scientist and the lawyer to do most of his work.

Captain Falls, who until this summer held the chair of History of War at Oxford, knows his subject backwards, and performs miracles of inclusion and compression. Nothing is overlooked: from the Battle of Lissa to the Battle of the Java Sea, from the siege of Plevna to the siege of Tobruk, from the Paraguayan War of 1865 to the Greco-Turkish War of 1920, the cause and course of every conflict in every corner of the globe is succinctly summarised and its strategic lessons discussed. One is constantly startled by some little-known fact or provocative judgment: between 1859 and 1861, apparently, French advances in the building of ironclads secured them the supremacy of the seas; and the greatest figure of the hundred years, in the author's judgment, is Lee, with the artilleryman Hohenlohe not far behind. Generous space is given to such gigantic and, to us, little-known conflicts as the Russian Revolutionary Wars, and the struggles of the war-lords in China from which Chiang Kai-shek emerged supreme. But the general effect is inevitably breathless: we are whirled mercilessly from one conflict to another, with occasional breathing space to consider technical development—all too briefly—and its implications; only too often a campaign is described as "brilliant," without time being allowed to show how it was contrived; and the accounts of the origins of the wars have to be so summary that they are occasionally misleading. But the brief accounts of the two World Wars are masterpieces of miniature description, and the amount of information which Captain Falls quietly puts across in 400 pages is astounding. This will be an invaluable work of reference: let us hope that the author will now write something more leisurely and analytical to set beside it.

MICHAEL HOWARD

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FROM THE BLOCKHOUSE

Literature and Criticism. By H. COOMBES. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is professedly a product of the Leavis school of criticism. Dr. Leavis entitled his last book *The Common Pursuit*, meaning by that, I think, that criticism was best conducted by a group of people, checking, correcting and supplementing one another's judgments. His own "school" has only intermittently proceeded in that way; his disciples (and that seems strictly the word) have tended rather to regard his judgments as the tables of the law which they limit themselves to expounding. *Revaluation* was surely meant as the first march through a territory that others were later to settle and develop. But no one does any mopping-up. Instead they sit tight in the blockhouses erected on the first campaign, while only the master himself, and perhaps Mr. Marius Bewley, press on to open up new tracts.

To anyone who has read *Scrutiny* and heard the lectures of Dr. Leavis, Mr. Coombes's book presents hardly anything new, beyond an interesting but very tentative chapter on rhyme, a word in favour of Thomas Hood "on his own level," and some specimens of bad Wordsworth. Even the examples are often the same—Scott's *Proud Maisie*, for instance; the suspect authors—Tennyson, Browning, Milton, even Dryden—are treated with the familiar caginess, given the familiar limited approval hedged with the familiar reservations or misgivings; the okay authors—Lawrence, Edward Thomas, James, George Eliot, Donne and Herbert, Pope, Hopkins, Hardy—are given the okay again, and for the same reasons. They are good reasons, and Mr. Coombes writes plainly and modestly, but one cannot help noticing, for instance, that he takes no examples written before 1600 (the date from which *Revaluation* starts), except Shakespeare and Marlowe.

And yet perhaps it is as well that he does not trust his own judgment. For he does chance his arm on at least one author as to whom the tables of the law give little guidance. This is Cowper:

> The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
> Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
> In unrecumbent sadness. . . .

For Mr. Coombes, "half petrified to sleep in unrecumbent sadness," is a "circumlocutory phrase." I wonder what it is a circumlocution *for*. It might have been worth while, among the passages "for appreciation and comparison in pairs," with which this volume concludes, to insert an exercise of a more old-fashioned sort, requiring the student to say as much as Cowper does about the posture of cattle on a snowy morning, in fewer words.

In the book there are many better things than this, and yet, even at best, it is secondhand, a faithful reproduction. Mr. Coombes declares, "By giving our attention to the criticism of the best critics (ultimately to their best criticism), we can help ourselves to become good, full readers." Well, I wonder. Mr. Coombes has certainly given his attention, to Mr. Empson and Mr. Middleton Murry as to Dr. Leavis, and borrowed examples from them, too. I think he has expected them to do much more for him than even the best critics can.

DONALD DAVIE

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Orchestral. Two new versions of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony offer serious competition with the Klemperer issue (Vox). Bruno Walter, with the New York Philharmonic (*C.33CX1077), gives a reading that, in tempi and general style, is very similar to Klemperer's, though the recording, if more spacious, is less sharply focused. Both conductors take the Scherzo very deliberately, imparting a mysterious excitement, as if they were exploring a haunted house. Kleiber, conducting the Concertgebouw (*D.LXT2851), gets perhaps the best recording of all: the acoustic is most accommodating and the brass tone in the Finale is superlative. The tempi are much more conventional (though not necessarily the worse for that); I think Kleiber tends to hurry the first movement; but the string tone in the Andante is beautifully rich, and in the Finale he has all the pennons flying. On the whole, I shall not be surprised if most readers prefer this version to the others, though personally I stick to the Klemperer (**V.PL7070). Two enchanting early symphonies by Mozart (*C major, K 200, and **A major, K 201) come to us in immaculate performances by the Suisse Romande Orchestra under Peter Maag (D.LXT2840). If I dock the first of a star, it is because the background (the kind of noise you get from an anthracite stove) is rather heavy. K 201, of course, came out some time ago on SP. The new version of Strauss's *Don Quixote*, by Pierre Fournier and the Vienna Philharmonic under Clemens Krauss (*D.LXT2842), ought, I think, to be better than it is. True, the recording is nice and fat, and the timbres are very faithful;

but Fournier strikes me as being on an off day; at all events, he does not give nearly as picturesque or pathetic an account of the solo as Tortelier, in the wonderful Beecham SP set. Anton Rubinstein is not a composer for whom any modern critic feels inclined to break a lance; but he had his merits—especially in the D minor Piano Concerto—and they were not unlike those of Saint-Saëns. The concerto is pleasant and tuneful, in a generalised romantic style; and it is very well played by Friederich Wührer. The tone of the Pro Musica SO, under Rudolf Moralt (V.PL7780), is mostly good, but the treble is very shrill and the piano is not substantial enough. Still, I am glad the work has been revived, as I was glad about the Dvorak Piano Concerto. A programme of "Christmas Music," stylishly played by the Virtuosi di Roma (B.AXTL1032), includes Corelli's Christmas Concerto, and miscellaneous pieces by Scarlatti, Vivaldi, Torelli and Boccherini. The recording sounds harsh on my machine, but a really tough top-cut could probably deal with it. Delius fans will be delighted with the RPO/Beecham coupling of *In a summer garden* and *Over the hills and far away* (**C.33C1017). The second of these pieces is not among Delius's best, but it is full of youthful zest (a quality he afterwards completely lost) and the "scanning the far horizon with shaded eyes" in the opening bars is memorably beautiful. The first piece, as I need not remind you, is heavenly. I can find nothing wrong with this record. That jolly ballet, *Graduation Ball*, to music taken mostly from the less familiar works of Johann Strauss, has been splendidly recorded by the New SO under Fistoulari (**D.LXT2848). This is not the kind of ballet music which needs the stage spectacle to be enjoyed. Finally, I would like to call special attention to two Supraphon issues of unusual excellence: Vorisek's Symphony in D major (*S.LPM33), and the complete set of Smetana's *Ma vlast* cycle of symphonic poems (*S.LPM2/4, 3 discs), both played by the Czech Philharmonic. Jan Vorisek was a contemporary of Beethoven and Schubert, and this symphony, while showing the influence of both those masters, is a delightfully fresh piece of music, full of individual touches. To hear the whole of *Ma vlast* on end, in a wonderfully authentic and passionate performance, is an exciting experience. The recordings are good, but hardly two-star.

Chamber Music and Piano. Bloch's Third String Quartet (1953) is very terse, and far less overtly Jewish, than anything he has given us for some time. I do not find the work very lovable, but there is no lack of musical thought, forcefully expressed. The Griller Quartet give a decided performance, well recorded (*D.LM4558). Mozart's Divertimento in E flat major, K 563, for violin, viola, and cello, is a much more substantial work than either the title or instrumentation might lead you to suppose. The Adagio in particular (there are five movements) is in Mozart's *amoroso* vein, full of beautiful melody and unexpected turns of harmony. The Bel Arte Trio are a splendidly homogeneous body, and the recording is very good (**B.AXTL1031). The Oiseau Lyre company, which has now started to issue its records over here through Decca, offers an interesting disc containing the Fifth Concertante Symphony of Ignaz Pleyel (1757-1831) and Three Partitas for wind quintet by Dittersdorf (*OL50014). The Pleyel work is of considerable distinction (he was a pupil of Haydn) and it is scrupulously played by a French ensemble. The Dittersdorf Partitas are bright as military buttons—and as conventional. The players are oppressively near the microphone, but the result is quite good. The latest Gieseking coupling of Beethoven sonatas—in this case the Pathétique, Op 13, and the *Moonlight, Op. 27, No. 2—(C.33CX1073)—has great virtues and a few tiresome faults. In the first the Andante is beautifully calm and collected; but the last page of the first movement is rushed and the recording is boxy. In the Moonlight the pianist is at his best in the outlying movements: the Scherzo (as so often nowadays) seems to me heavy and slow. The recording of this side is much better. An issue that seems likely to give more pleasure to amateurs of the piano is a Bach recital by Wilhelm Kempff (**D.LXT2820). This lovely record contains the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and an assortment of shorter pieces (mostly choral preludes and suchlike) transcribed by the pianist himself, who plays them with an absorption, a power of sustaining long tunes, and a control of dynamics, that are a continual delight. Though it is frowned upon as "sentimental" by most of my colleagues, a Julius Katchen disc containing some miscellaneous Mendelssohn, Liszt's *Mephisto Waltz No.* 1 and his magnificent *Funérailles* (*D.LXT2838), gave me acute pleasure: I never tire of Katchen's extraordinary virtuosity, nor of his ability to adapt his style to very different composers. To the severe young I strongly recommend Wandy Tworek's version of Bartok's Sonata for unaccompanied violin (*D.LM4557). The performance (well recorded) brings out its typically masculine quality, as well as encompassing its great technical difficulties.

Vocal. In his introductory talk (delivered in the style of Dame Edith Evans in the part of, Lady Bracknell), Sir Thomas Beecham makes plausible his view that the choral sections of Handel's *Messiah* were not all meant to be sung by the enormous choir to which the Victorian tradition has accustomed us. Disliking as I do the confused roar and calico-tearing screech of large English choirs, I was predisposed in favour of this set (G.ALP1077-80); but it must be said without ado that the recording, which is far from new, is too poor to enable one to enjoy more than an occasional page of the music. The orchestral tone is scrannel, the soloists (with the exception of Marjorie Thomas) are unimpressive, and the choral sections distort continually. These things are much better regulated in Haydn's "Great Organ" Mass in E flat, (*V.PL7020). This beautiful work (1766) is oddly named, for, except in the Benedictus, the organ obbligato is seldom in evidence. It is a "concert" Mass, in the elaborate, florid style of Neapolitan opera. The large forces are impressively well disposed and conducted by one who is an acknowledged master in such matters—Ferdinand Grossmann; the soloists are an excellent team, except for the baritone, who is unsteady; and the tone in general is extremely good, although there is some fuzziness in the choral sections. I find it hard to give a decisive opinion on Karl Schmitt-Walter's issue of Schubert's *Winterreise* (D.LXT2799-800). S.-W. is a good stylist, and he warms up in the course of the cycle, giving a lovely account of, for instance, *Frühlingstraum*; but his voice now spreads when pressed upon, and his delivery of these songs has none of the tragic passion of Gerhard von Hüsch. The recording is well balanced, but the accompanist does not seem very sensitive. This is quite a satisfactory interim set; but my advice is: wait for Fischer-Dieskau, who is sure to record the cycle before long. That charming singer, Alexander Young, with Gordon Watson and the Sebastian String Quartet, was a good choice for Vaughan Williams's "On Wenlock Edge" (AR.RG20). This is a moving performance, but the recording is hard in forte and in my copy band 1 has a pressing fault. The reverse contains seven songs from the same composer's opera, *The Pilgrim's Progress*. These, again, are nicely sung, by John Cameron, Iris Kells and Patricia Bartlett; but the piano is hollow in tone and too distant. All the same, there is much to enjoy in this issue.

New SP issues have been rather poor in quality recently, but the latest lists have much better to offer. To begin with, there is volume IV of the History of Music in Sound; this deals with "The Age of Humanism" (c.1540-1630), and by and large it is quite as impressive an achievement as the earlier volumes. I have no space to criticise the performances in detail, but would point out as especially interesting a Benedictus and Agnus Dei by Philiphe de Monte, a wonderful piece of chromatic polyphony by Gallus (Jakob Handl), Orlando Gibbons's "Behold, thou hast made my

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days," and an extremely grand affair by Giovanni Gabrieli, entitled *In ecclesiis*, complete with brass and other Venetian sumptuosities. The overture to *Lucio Silla*, an early opera by Mozart (1772), was well worth reviving. It is a sprightly piece, with a delicately beautiful slow section. The performance, by the London Mozart Players (*G.4235) is excellent, but the tone has a little edge. The Philharmonia/Kletzki version of the much performed Adagio for Strings by Samuel Barber now seems to me the best SP version (*C.LX1595), for, although the tone tends to fizz, this is a suitably weighty rendering, and the long crescendo is well built. Of the vocal issues I greatly enjoyed the coupling of Bellini's "Ah non credea" (*Sonnambula*) and "Quel guardo" (*Puritani*), sung by Marimi del Pozo (*G.C4237). This Spanish soprano has a really beautiful, pure voice, with good clean fioriture. Although she sometimes spoils the line by pushing at notes, and fails to make a success of the end of "Quel guardo," her rendering of both these very taxing arias is impressive. The recording of the orchestra is excellent, that of the voice rather less so. Dowland's "Flow my tears" (*G.C4236) is a very fine example of Elizabethan song, and Alfred Deller sings it exquisitely, with a greater range of tone (including some chest notes) than we are used to expecting from him. The reverse, an anonymous song called "Calleano custure" (but the text is in English) has a beautiful, simple tune, but there is distortion on some notes, whereas the Dowland is a double-star. One of Elisabeth Schumann's posthumous records, containing four of Brahms's folk song settings (*G.DB21605), is touchingly lovely and must be acquired, though the recording is dry and the voice catches the microphone on several occasions. Two concert arias by Mozart, "Vado, ma dove?" and "Chi sa, chi sa," both mature works of great distinction, are expressively sung by Irmgard Seefried (C.LX1596), but cannot be starred because the recording is extremely edgy.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,245

Set by C. L. Drummond.

Competitors are asked to imagine that certain British hoteliers, taking inspiration from their Dijon confrère who has installed running wine in his bedrooms, will shortly provide taps in each room for Beer and Tea: and to compose a rhymed notice (in English, French or American) to hang beside the installation for the benefit of guests. Limit, 8 lines. Entries by January 12.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,242

Set by Arthur Marshall

Those who keep diaries, tend to write in them nothing but pleasant trivia. The usual prizes are offered for outlining (limit 150 words) a really frightful day in our modern world. The more personal disasters the better.

Report by Arthur Marshall

Disasters while in bed were, so to speak, the favourite, sixteen competitors having either spilt their morning tea ("blister on navel"), had alarm-clocks which went off at anything but the right moment, or possessed hot-water bottles which forgot themselves. The pouring of hot soup on to trousers loomed large in many troubled lives, together with smog, power cuts, false denture difficulties, being knocked either down by vehicles or out by thugs, television hazards, MS rejects, and failure to get so much as a mention in certain competitions.

The best entries were those which were the most likely. Helicopters sweeping away the chimneys, sound barrier explosions bringing down every scrap of *Sèvres* in the house, and tanks ploughing their way along the geranium beds, were stimulating but unreal.

Much anxious pondering brings a first prize of two guineas to Denham R. Barclay, and a guinea each to Mrs. Frances Rodney, Stanley J. Sharpless and D. R. Peddy. Honourable Mentions to Gerald Priestland, Rhoda Tuck Pook, M. Trench, Pibwob, H. A. C. Evans, Winifred Smith, June Taylor, J. M. Emmett, and D. W. Barker.

Friday. Mysterious trouble with T.V.; electric current seems to have been charging aerial and lawn littered with dead birds. One hit milkman, broke bottles; another wedged down kitchen chimney. Phoned Sweep. Police called re birds while trying to squeeze Billy into toy space-suit (dam these presents!) Seemed suspicious. Billy howling with iodine. Sweep arrived, then R.S.P.C.A. van; latter drove over bottles, punctured tyres. Sudden apparition of an electrician to install immersion heater ordered last year; uninterested in T.V but blew mains trying. Lukewarm lunch, flavoured soot, then visit from R.S.P.C.C. re Billy, also 2 more electricians. Explanations—tea; got *her* away with animal van. All electricians apparently finished, left. Switched on heater and tried T.V. Latter now stereoscopic; query, new invention? 3 hours later hot taps still cold but lavatory flushes boiling water. Pheno-barbitone, and so to bed.

DENHAM R. BARCLAY

Monday, December 7th. Smog again. Kept hair appointment. Had to 'phone Mrs. B while under drier as had left pig's head boiling. She broke kitchen window to get in and turn off gas. Was leaving hairdresser's when Mrs. P. from other side 'phoned to say I'd left all my bedroom lights blazing away. (Seems as if Mrs. B had a quick look round while on the spot!). Arrived home 2 p.m., *without dinner*. Shops all shut for lunch hour. Felt tired. Boiler had gone out. Mrs. P. knocked on fence to say my coalman had left MOUNTAINS of coal and ruined her newly-white-enamelled-clothes-drier which she'd hung on line near dividing fence to dry. I was MORTIFIED.

Before bed, Victor sneered at my COOKING. Threw fountain-pen but missed V and hit wall. Put map of India up to cover splotches. Felt *depressed*, somehow. V had hot-water-bottle *his* side. I *hate* my perm.

MRS. FRANCES RODNEY

December 16 (Sun rises 8 a.m., sets 3.51 p.m. Noël Coward born 1889).

Got out of bed right side but trod on hot-water bottle which had fallen out during night. Burst. Ankle painful. Last bit of filling came out of wisdom tooth at breakfast. Forgot season expired yesterday, too late to get new one, decided to chance it. First time ever known inspector on train in rush hour. Lunched with Blondie as usual. Jane said nothing at breakfast about coming up to town; surprised to see her at nearby table. Don't think she saw us. In evening, J. went to flicks alone. Unusual. Said Mum, Dad, Sis and the twins coming to stay over Christmas. Telly out of order so read Strindberg till 11.30. Tooth jumping. Looking for pipe, found 27 unposted last year's Xmas cards in overcoat pocket. Bottle-less to bed. Depressed to think Noël 54.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Raised customary unspeakable hour by moronic N.C.O. Freezing hard. Inoculations throbbing. Breakfast particularly uneatable; platoon "wag" insufferably hearty. Expected mail not arrived. Parade—inspecting officer remarks "Haircut!" (N.B. —last haircut yesterday). Interminable squad drill. New but intelligent subaltern's permission to raise greatcoat collars, revoked by Major since weather not "inclement," *i.e.*, no rain or snow actually falling. Lectures on "Discipline and Morale," and "The Next War—What We Shall Be Fighting For," followed by two hours' potato-peeling in cookhouse. Inoculations throb like murder. More drill—drop rifle; moronic N.C.O. talks darkly of "places called glass'ahses for obscenity obscenity obscenities." Part II Orders reveal all personnel below non-commissioned rank confined to barracks indefinitely owing "filthy condition" of barrack rooms at C.O.'s inspection. Snowing. Platoon rumour-monger positive our early destination Malaya. Blanco-ing and boot-polishing; belt gets smeared with boot polish. Moronic N.C.O. details self and five others snow clearance.

D. R. PEDDY

CHESS: Much Ado . . . .

No. 222

Since an omelette is better than nothing, particularly if it happens to be a French omelette, *Tant de Brui* might be a more suitable title. For while the game I propose to show has its full measure of ado and *bruit* the resulting draw is well merited by both players and no less pleasing than an *omelette surprise* prepared with the masterly touch of a great *chef* (or rather two of them). What gives this particular dish some special piquancy is the fact that much of the *bruit* and ado culminates in one single mighty stroke halfway through the game and an equally mighty counter-stroke, the striker being Frederick Dewhurst Yates and the counter-striker Max Euwe; It seems a fitting occasion to pay tribute to the memory of a British master who, but for his untimely death, would celebrate his 70th birthday this very month.

(1) P-K4	Kt-KB3	(21) Kt x B ch	Q x Kt
(2) P-K5	Kt-Q4	(22) BP x P	P x P
(3) Kt-QB3	Kt x Kt	(23) Q x P (h3)	B-Kt3
(4) QP x Kt	P-Q3	(24) Q-K3	Q-Q2
(5) Kt-B3	B-Kt5	(25) KR-B1	Q x QP
(6) B-QB4	P-K3	(26) QR-B2	Q x Q
(7) P-KR3	B-R4	(27) R x P ch	K-Kt1
(8) B-B4	B-K2	(28) P x Q	R x P
(9) Q-K2	P-Q4	(29) B-Kt3	R x P
(10) B-Q3	Kt-Q2	(30) B-R4	R-Kt1
(11) O-O	Kt-B4	(31) B-K7	R-K8 ch
(12) Q-K3	Kt x B	(32) K-B2	R x R
(13) P x Kt	P-KR3	(33) R x R	B-K5
(14) Kt-Q4	P-KKt4	(34) B-Q6 ch	K-R2
(15) B-R2	Q-Q2	(35) P-Kt3	B-Q4
(16) P-QR4	P-R3	(36) B-B5 ch	P-Kt3
(17) R-R2!	O-O-O	(37) B-Q6	R-Kt5
(18) P-QKt4	P-Kt5	(38) R-B7 ch	K-R1
(19) P-Kt5	P-QR4	(39) R-B8 ch	K-R2
(20) Kt-B6!!	P-Q5!!	(40) R-B7 ch	

What with the threat to his QRP Yates was forced to take the draw by perpetual check. But anyway that result was now indicated by the sheer logic of the situation, the lull after the storm. Had Euwe taken the Kt on his 20th he would have been mated by (21) Q-R7, Q-K1. (22) Q-R8 ch, K-Q2. (23) P x P.

A: F. D. Yates 1930

In this week's competition pride of place fittingly belongs to Yates, the 4-pointer being one of his game-positions, most instructive for beginners. Black carelessly played P-B5; how then—in a manner that should be obvious to anyone but the merest tyro—did Yates force his opponent's resignation in three moves? For 6 and 7 points respectively, **B** and **C**, both being draws, would somehow seem to fit into the theme of the sermon, if indeed as satisfactory a conclusion as a draw can be likened to an omelette, let alone a mere nothing. Usual prizes. Entries by January 11.

B: A. S. Selesniev 1930

C: F. J. Prokop 1923

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 12

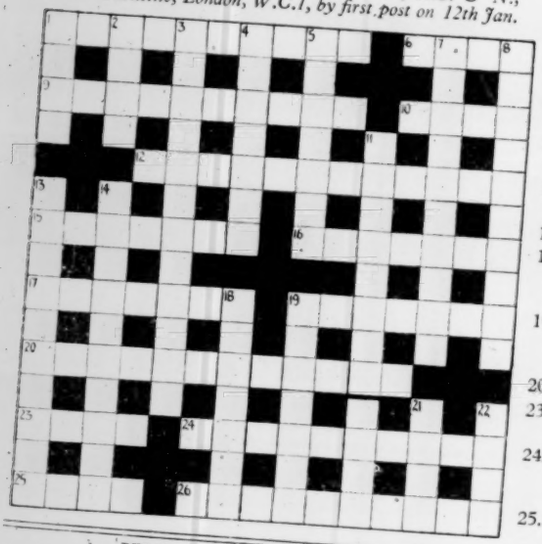
A: (1) P-K6, B x Kt, (2) P x Kt. ch., K x P. (3) Q-Kt4 ch. if (1) . . . Kt-B3. (2) Q-Kt5 ch.
B: (1) R-KR7, B-Kt1. (2) R-QKt7, etc.
But (1) R x B or K x B is defeated by Kt-B6, etc.
C: (1) B-B6 ch, K-Kt1. (2) K-K7, P-Q3. (3) B-R8! K x B. (4) K-B7, B-Kt1 ch. (5) K x P, B-K3. (6) K-B6, B-Q2. (7) K-B7, etc.
if (5) . . . B-R2 ch. (6) K-B6, B-Kt1. (7) P-Kt6, etc.

Many stumped by **B** and/or **C**. Prizes shared by E. Allan, E. W. Beal, M. M. Kennedy, J. Mitchell. No less perfect: Gerald Abrahams, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft. Thanks to many correspondents for their friendly seasonal wishes which are sincerely reciprocated.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 81

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 81, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 12th Jan.



ACROSS

1. Pursuing a profession though still learning (10).
6. Repetition in speech or other sound (4).
9. See smug liars confounded by common expressions (10).
10. Comfortable for the back of the arms (4).
12. One who studies society figures (12).
15. Teacher made to measure (7).
16. Shoots the gullible (7).
17. There is something cowardly in the boy to make him unreliable (7).
19. This town must be referred to in the normal vernacular (7).
20. School outfitters (12).
23. Writing material for the star (4).
24. Select caps may provide performances worth watching (10).
25. Team of stars lacking real finish (4).
26. Where to sit and watch a wonderful batting performance (10).

DOWN

1. Prepare the way with a soft greeting (4).
2. Put to rest without a friend (4).
3. Health officials (12).
4. Without it saliva is wrongly spelt (7)
5. Fate gets people up first (7).
7. It is a useful engineering device although there seems to be opposition among the expert (10).
8. Making an arrangement, I give a rendering accompanied by an instrument (10).
11. Sayings that go the rounds? They are certainly cutting (8, 4).
13. Jove's Court had a starry one of these (10).
14. Indicator of the numbers for directors of music? (10).
18. The tongue for an eulogist? (7).
19. Indian doctor with a broken chain (7).
21. A great river would be against her (4).
22. Treated an American newspaperman (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 79

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 79

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Greek, which becomes vacant on the resignation of the present occupant, Professor A. D. Trendall, who has been appointed Master of University House, the Australian National University. Salary will be at the rate of £A2,000 per annum, plus an allowance (at present £A252 males and £A191 females). There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme and, in addition, a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in London and Australia, is February 20, 1954.

B.B.C. requires Publicity Officer, Scotland (Edinburgh or Glasgow). Duties include collection and preparation of publicity material and its dissemination to Press and B.B.C. publications; handling enquiries and listeners' correspondence about programmes, personalities, and work of B.B.C.; liaison with Press; supervision of preparation and editing of pamphlets; writing and lecturing on B.B.C. activities, and organising Radio Exhibitions. Experience of journalism and knowledge of Scottish history, life and affairs, are essential. Broadcasting experience a strong asset. Salary £990 per annum, possibly higher if qualifications exceptional, with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,320. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "161 N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. requires Albanian Monitor at Reading to report on radio transmissions in Albanian. Essential qualifications: idiomatic grasp of Albanian and ability to write English, good knowledge of current political events. Salary £590 per annum, possibly higher if qualifications exceptional, with 5 annual increments to maximum £800. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "160 N.Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Applications from women for the post of Principal's Secretary, vacant March, 1954. Salary £530 to £620 (pensionable). Further particulars from the Secretary to whom applications should be sent before January 31.

NORFOLK Education Committee. Resident Assistant Mistress with needlework qualifications required for modern residential school for backward children. Comfortably furnished quarters (bed-sitting room and use of staff common room). Burnham Scale Salary plus two increments with free board and laundry. Further particulars from F. Lincoln Ralphs, Chief Education Officer, County Educ. Office, Stracey Rd., Norwich.

QUALIFIED Master and Junior Mistress required for general subjects in a co-ed. school. Ability to take one or more of the following an advantage—Games, P.T., Crafts, Drama. Box 3949.

LONDONDERRY High School, N. Ireland. Reqd. in January for Spring term a temporary teacher for Physics and Biology. A bonus towards travelling exps. may be granted to a suitable candidate from Gt. Britain. Apply at once to Head Mistress.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Research Assistant. Knowledge of economics and the Labour Movement and drafting ability is essential. Experience of, or interest in, agricultural economics an advantage. Salary £576-£676. Application forms, to be returned, together with specimens of written work, not later than January 16, 1954, from Morgan Phillips, the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

THE British Committee for Technical Development in Israel in association with The Technion Society of Great Britain, has a vacancy, offering good prospects, for an experienced male Appeals Organiser: essential qualifications are good education, forceful but pleasant personality, outstanding organising ability, knowledge of Jewish Community, ability to address meetings and write/prepare matter publication. Apply, in confidence, Executive Director, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1.

NATIONAL Union of Students require administrative assistant to General Secretary to take particular responsibility for matters relating to students' grants and welfare; salary scale £300 × £25 × £525 starting point according to qualifications and exper. Application form and full particulars from: Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

SECRETARY required at beginning of April by Editor of international art journal (trilingual) in Zurich. Must be efficient, have initiative, and be capable of working independently. Knowledge German & French an advantage. Write, giving full details, approx. salary expected, photo if possible, to Box 4266.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMIRALTY: R.N. College, Greenwich, S.E.10. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from men for the following posts: Post (a) Professor of Chemistry and Metallurgy—appointment in September, 1954. Post (b) Professor of History and English—appointment in January, 1955. Post (c) Assistant Professor of Applied Mechanics—appointment in January, 1954, or as soon after as possible. Candidates must have high academic qualifications in their respective fields. For post (a) they must have practical works experience in ferrous metallurgy, and for post (b) a considerable knowledge of Naval History. Post (d) 2 Lecturers in Applied Mechanics—appointment, as Senior or Junior Lecturer according to age and qualifications, in January, 1954, or as soon after as possible. Candidates must possess a First or Second Class Honours Degree in Mechanical Engineering or equivalent, and preference will be given to those with a specialised knowledge of one or more of the following subjects: (i) materials and structures; (ii) fluid mechanics, including supersonics; (iii) Ballistics; (iv) servo-mechanisms. Age at least 31 on January 1, 1954, for posts (a), (b) and (c). For posts under (d) candidates must be at least 26 for a Senior post and at least 21 for a Junior post on that date. Posts (a), (b) and (c) are permanent and pensionable. Posts (d) are temporary in the first instance. With the exception of post (b) secondment for agreed periods would be considered for serving members of the Scientific Civil Service. Facilities for research work. Inclusive salary scale: Posts (a) and (b)—£1,600-£1,850. Post (c)—£1,075-£1,459. Posts (d)—Senior Lecturer (£917-£1,075). Junior Lecturer (£440-£812). Starting salaries above the minimum in approved cases. Accommodation may be provided for unmarried staff. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4277/54. Appln. forms must be returned by Jan. 21, 1954.

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council requires qualified and experienced women for temporary (in first instance) engagements as vacancies occur. Salary £531 5s. rising to £685. Duties include finding and inspecting foster homes and visiting children placed in them; assisting in finding work and lodgings for young persons in care; statutory after-care supervision. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from Children's Officer (CH/A1), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by January 9, 1954.

CHILDREN'S Service—res. Warden & Matron (married couple) reqd. Ingleton House, Clapham, S.W.4. (After-care hostel accom. 36 boys, 15-18.) Comparable res. child care expce. and/or quals. (e.g., H.O. Child Care Cert.) essential. Salary: Warden, £500 × £18 15s. to £593 15s.; Matron, £450 × £12 10s. to £512 10s., both less £94 0s. 8d. for board, lodging, etc. Leave: 6 weeks incl. for both posts. Applic. forms and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/1364), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Working Boys' Hostel, Leicester. Applications are invited for the appointment of male Resident Supervisor at the Committee's Hostel catering for 24 working boys. It is desirable that applicants should have attended a Course in Child Care or have had previous experience in a similar hostel. A single, comfortably furnished bed-sitting room is available. The post is pensionable and subject to a satisfactory medical examination. Salary scale: £385 to £445 per annum, less £100 per annum for board and lodging. Applic. forms may be obtained from Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, & should be returned by January 16, 1954. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

CITY of Sheffield. Children's Department. Reception Home. Applications are invited from married couples for appointment as Residential Warden and Matron at the above Reception Home for 22 children aged 3-16 years. Applicants should have had experience with children and possess educational, nursing or similar qualifications. This is a reception centre with the necessary facilities for observation of the mental and physical condition of children taken into care. The salary scale will be fixed within the range laid down in N.J.C. conditions of service: Warden, £309 × £15—£399. Matron, £279 × £15—£369 p.a. plus emoluments. The posts are superannuable and subject to medical examination. Applications giving date of birth, education, qualifications, experience, number in family, with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Children's Officer (Mr. E. Healey, M.A., M.Ed.), 153 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1, by January 9, 1954.

APPLICATIONS are invited from well-educated women under 40 for the post of Assistant Secretary to a voluntary organisation. Duties comprise responsibility for educational activities, knowledge of committee procedure, sub-editorial work and upkeep of small library. Commencing salary £400 per annum. Applications, together with copies of 2 recent testimonials, to Box 4034.

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THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University is offering one or more Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the Social Sciences, this term being construed in a wide sense. The Fellowships are tenable for one year with a possible extension to two years. Values within the range £700-£1,100 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range £1,150-£1,500 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent not later than March 1, 1954, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues.-Sat. 2.30 & 7.45: Sun. Jan. 3, members only, 7.45. "Treasure Island."

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "A London Actress." Mems. 5s.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391), "Cinderella," tuneful, all-laughter Panto. Adm. 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d. (Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.).

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SWISS Evening, Thursday, January 14, 1954, Hampstead, Town Hall, 1st performance 5 p.m., 2nd performance 8 p.m. "Switzerland Calling," a new Colour Production presented by Mr. A. Dixon, Music and Jodling by Members of the Swiss Accordion Club. Show of 3 Swiss coloured films. Questions answered by experts. Covercharge 2s. 6d. each incl. tax. Limited issue of tickets through The Good Companion, 5A Perrin's Court, Hampstead, N.W.3. Telephone: HAM. 7471/72.

AN Indian Feature Film, "Asfana," at the Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq. (WHI. 8657). Sats. (1.0 & 4.0), Suns. (3.0) & Mons. (6.0 & 9.0). Membership 5s. year. Dine by candlelight at our Restaurant. Fully licensed. Open till midnight.

RUDOLF Steiner Theatre (Und. Baker St.). Jan. 4-8 evgs. A full-blooded old-fashioned melodrama "Orion The Killer." Jan. 5-8 at 2.30. "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Pic and Pom at the Circus." Seats 7s. 6d.-2s. 6d. Box Office 10-6 PAD. 9967.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Jan. 3: "Kon-Tiki" (U). From Jan. 4: Cocteau Season: "Les Enfants Terribles" (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, Sth. Bk. Wat. 3232. Sat., Jan. 2. Walter Huston, Simone Simon in "All That Money Can Buy." (A). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3520. Sun., Jan 3, 7.30. "Les Belles de Nuit" (U) (French).

FILMS: "World Without End" (Paul Rotha, Basil Wright), "Guernica," first London showing of Barbara Hepworth's film, etc., 7.45 p.m., French Inst., Queensberry Place, S.W.7, Jan. 11. Tickets mems. 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d., advance only: I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 2569.

LONDON Scientific Film Society. Half season rates for three shows in Central London 7s. 6d. single, 12s. 6d. married couples (includes free associate membership of the National Film Theatre). Details from L.S.F.S., 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

LEWISHAM Film Society. Lee 7803. Unitarian Church, next Central Library, Sat., January 2, 7.15 p.m. "Gala Festival."

ILFORD New Era Film Soc., Sunday, Jan. 3, Ilford Town Hall, 7.30 p.m. "Drôle de Drame" (Carné/Prevert), "Valley of the Tennessee," etc.

CONTEMPORARY Dance Theatre Centre. Opening programme, Monday, Jan. 4, 7.30 p.m. Toynbee Hall Theatre, Aldgate, E.1. BIS. 8535. Tickets 5s.

DANCE of the St. Marylebone Lab. Pty. and Fabian Soc., Jan. 9, 8 p.m.-12 p.m. The Railway Hotel, 100 West End Lane, N.W.6. Bar, Raffles, Square-dancing. Tkts. 4s. 6d.; ring CUN. 3418 or at door.

CONCERTS

HAYDN Orchestra, conductor Harry Newstone, Wigmore Hall, Wed. next, 7.30, Haydn Ov. Armida & Symphonies 66 & 92, Mozart Concertos, Horn No. 2 & Violin No. 5. Soloists: Dennis Brain & Leonard Friedman. Tickets 3s.-9s. from Hall & Chappells.

LORD Harewood introduces Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Golden Cockerel," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Howitt, Cuenod, Glynne and Young at 4 St. James's Sq. S.W.1, Sun. Jan. 3, 8 p.m. Apply Hon. Sec., WES. 7513.

EXHIBITIONS

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings: Jean Hugo, Martin Battersby and Frederick John Fuchs. Until January 8.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of Paintings by Russian emigré artists in Paris. Soutine; Kremegne; Chagall; Kikoine, etc. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1, until Jan. 9, 1954.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

FIRST London Exhibition Impressionist Paintings by American artist Helen Frank. Dec. 22-Jan. 8. Parson's Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Pic and Peter Potworowski—opening January 5.

RUMANIAN Books & Journals. Productions of the newly developed Rumanian publishing & printing organisations. Contemporary & classical literature, Art, Music, Sports and Children's books. Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Open Jan. 4 to 30, daily 11-6.30, Suns. 2-5. Adm. free.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. From Jan. 5, "Beautiful Europe," an exhib. of Paintings by Charlotte Christine Pusch.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. George Keyt: Paintings & Drawings from Ceylon. Private View Jan. 6, to be opened by Ram Gopal, 5.30 p.m. Members free, guests 2s. 6d.

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

CHINESE Blue and White Porcelain, 14th to 19th centuries. Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Jan. 23. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

MODERN Art in Finland. Arts Council Exhibition of paintings, sculpture, glass, ceramics, textiles, furniture, etc. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till Jan. 23. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Christmas Exhibns.: Modern Tapestries & Curtains by Michael O'Connell; Pottery by Roy Dale and John Eaves; Small Paintings by Elsa Mez; Contemporary Drawings.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wednesday, January 6 at 7.30 p.m. Discussion: "The Dilemma of the Socialist in a Capitalist Society." Opened by Allan Lazarus. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 3, S. K. Ratcliffe, "Hopes and Fears for 1954." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday at 7 p.m. Jan. 5, Noel Thompson, "What Modern Music Means." With illustrations. Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. Friday, Jan. 8. Douglas Robinson, "Liberalism and International Affairs."

IQBAL Singh, author, will speak on "Rammohun Roy," Friday, January 8, 8.15 p.m. All welcome. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 off Leinster Terrace or Devonshire Terrace).

"ISRAEL—A Democracy." Speaker: The Hon. Edwin Samuel. The Royal Society of Arts, 6 John Adam Street, W.C.2. Monday, January 18 at 6 p.m. Members free, non-members 1s 6d. Tickets from the Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1.

JOHN Athisyam: "The Colonies—What Now? What Next?" New Generation Group, Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd., nr. Hampstead Tube. Mon., Jan. 4 at 8.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt. Britain, 50th Anniversary meetings. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria. Sunday, January 3, at 7 p.m. "The Last Fifty Years." Speakers: Gilmac & A. Turner.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Miss C. V. Wedgwood on "The Individual in History." The Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd. (near Dominion) on Monday, January 4, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

M. L. BURNET: "How to Cope with 1954." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., Jan. 3, 6.30 p.m.

THE London Jewish Society invites you to a talk on "The Jewish Contribution to Humour," by Harry Oldman, at the Ben Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1, on Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

YOGA. Transformation of Ideas about Life. Jan. 11, 7.30 p.m., at 22d Ebury Street, S.W.1. Admission 2s. 6d.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ECONOMICS for the frustrated! Free ten-week discussion courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy will begin at Westminster on Tuesday, January 19, and Thursday, January 21, 7 to 9 p.m. Write for prospectus to the Secretary, The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.1, or telephone ABBey 6665.

CLASSES will also be held at Ilford, Muswell Hill, Enfield and Welling (Kent) on Wednesdays 8 to 10 p.m., beginning January 20, and at Croydon on Thursdays 8 to 10 p.m., beginning January 21. Write or telephone for prospectus and full particulars (stating area) to the Secretary, The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1. Telephone ABBey 6665.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

GREGG & Pitman Shthnd. French. Also evg. classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Rd. S.W.7. KEN 4771.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

BRITISH Commonwealth Today. A. Creech Jones, Sir John Sargent and others will lecture at weekend course, Missenden Abbey Adult College. Jan. 8-10. For details apply Warden, Gt. Missenden, Bucks.

LEISURE-Time courses in: Appreciation of Art from 1,000 A.D. to the Impressionists; International Affairs—The Federation of Europe; Music—Theory and Harmony; Photography (Advanced); Travel in Italy and 50 other subjects at The Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (Tel.: EUSton 1816). Fee 6s. for first subject. Spring Term Commences Monday, January 11. Write/phone for Syllabus to Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute announces a one-year full-time course for experienced serving teachers of children under twelve years of age and for those training teachers of children of that age range. Applicants must have had at least five years' experience of teaching. The course is open to both men and women and is recognised by the Ministry of Education for grants in respect of tuition and maintenance. Anyone interested should write to the Director, Institute of Education, Kepier Terrace, Gilesgate, Durham.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses for February and March. Week-end Feb. 12-14, "The Problems of Old Age." A short study of the social, medical and economic aspects. Week March 8-12, "Painting in Winter." Monday to Friday—painting under supervision by day and lectures in the evening. Week-end March 12-14, "Standards of Criticism." An examination of standards of criticism in the visual arts. Details and full Spring Prog. from Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

DARTINGTON Music School. Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Students may also take classes in drama, movement, art and modern languages. Prospectus from Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures—Modern Continental Philosophy—ten lectures by the Rev. John Murray, S.J., M.A., on Tuesdays at 6.30 from January 5, at The Newman Association, 31 Portman Square, W.1. Details from the Registrar.

ONE learns to manage oneself better at the Isobel Cripps Centre. This covers problems of posture, movement and tension. Enquiries to the Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11. PARk 7222.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin January 5 and at frequent intervals. Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: Park 8392).

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. New Courses, January 7, 1954. Tel.: HAM. 5986.

"MATHEMATICS, Education & Living": teachers' week-end course, Jan. 15-17 (W. E. Egner), at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

WILL 1954 be your year of achievement or just another year? Pelmanism will help you to eliminate your difficulties and strengthen the qualities necessary for your success. Reduced fees for H.M. Forces. Write for a free copy of "The Science of Success," which describes the Course. Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

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NEW thought and research on social problems—drop a card now to Research Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for full details of Research Communications Project.

ERIC de Peyer, late of the Isobel Cripps Centre, is now teaching the Alexander method at 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. (SLO. 3141.) This method teaches you how to keep poised but relaxed and to undo tensions causing chronic discomfort or pain.

SHORTHAND-Typewriting, part-time day courses begin January, beginners (6 months), refresher (3 months). North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, London, N.W.5. GUL.iver 1154.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D. Degrees; Law Exams, etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

FOREIGN Languages. Coaching at all standards daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20/21 Princes Street, Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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BUCKS. The "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Ideal for a winter break. Tel. 516.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

FARM Holidays, 1954 Farm Holiday Guide describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms; Pages of Pictures. 3s. 2d., post free. Farm Guide, 49 Broomlands St., Paisley.

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